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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1843.

## REVIEWS

*Medical History of the Expedition to the Niger during the Years 1811-12, &c.* By J. O. M-William. Churchill.

THIS is the medical history of an expedition remarkable on many accounts, but chiefly remarkable, from the medical point of view, for having been conducted on valetudinarian principles; or, to use another mode of expression, this is the history of the mortality attending an expedition, in which the greatest pains seem to have been taken to keep the minds of all engaged in it intent on disease and death. Precautions were carried to such a length, that even the very air was physicked. Dr. Reid's system of ventilation—a fine example of science for the million—was applied to the vessels built for the expedition; but as it seemed that ventilating with unwholesome air, was only beating up with much ado from Scylla to Charybdis, an empirical method was hit upon of freeing the air from the impurities with which Nature's chemistry is supposed to have filled it. Accordingly, the air gathered in the wind-sails aloft was conducted into a chamber where its floating poisons were extinguished, or supposed to be extinguished, by the superior poison of chlorine; and the zephyrs thus sweetened, *secundum artem*, with the balmy influence of quicklime and sulphuric acid, were diffused below decks.

Thus the men under cover respired only medicated air. On deck, of course, they were obliged to breathe fresh air unmedicated, but in that case they were taught the danger of inhaling air which the Doctor had not overhauled. "Those who are obliged to be on deck on duty (we quote Capt. Trotter's general orders) will be supplied, when in unhealthy localities, with respirators." Supplied with respirators! Alas, poor Jack! how wretched and chopfallen you must have felt, when obliged to breathe through a respirator! The quid shut out, the yarns shut in, your heart and soul kept under gratings, why you must have thought it hardly worth while to breathe at all, when, with a chest capable of respiring great guns, you were compelled to discharge it through contemptible scuttle-holes.

"Moral impressions (observes Dr. M-William) are intimately connected with the maintenance of health, as well as with the production of disease; a conviction that the ship herself is 'sweet,' that there is nothing in her to generate disease, will, I am persuaded, go far to fortify men against the evils of the coast climate."

Yet what could be the use of the persuasion that the ship was sweet, while the men were at the same time led to believe that the atmosphere around them was charged with pestilence; that the natural fragrance of the air was deadly, and that their safety lay in the vitriolic fumes below deck? The following sentence briefly confesses the equivocal and fallacious character of the above-mentioned wholesome moral impressions:

"Moral causes came also into operation after leaving Iddah: many of those who were well, were dispirited; and not a few when taken ill, became speedily despondent."

Dr. M-William does not explain what he means here by moral causes, but he shows clearly that apprehension of disease and gloomy forebodings had taken possession of those engaged in the expedition. Perhaps he alludes to the tediousness of the river navigation. As we look forward to the publication, at no distant day, of a complete narrative of the expedition, we shall here refrain from any remark on its course of proceeding, further than to say that any unnecessary delay in the lower part of the river, in the vicinity of the mangrove swamps,

appears to us to have been inexcusable. In a medical history of the expedition, however, it is necessary to state that the river was entered on the 13th of August; that the *Albert*, the vessel which proceeded furthest, commenced descending on the 5th of October, and gained the sea on the 16th of the same month; so that of sixty-four days spent in the river, only eleven were occupied in the voyage downwards. To this brief statement may be advantageously subjoined the following paragraph from our author:

"During the period when the river is high, a steam vessel, combining light draught of water with good speed, carrying three white officers, including a surgeon, coloured engineers, and manned wholly by Kroomen and other natives of Western Africa, might enter the Niger, and, avoiding unnecessary delay, reach Aboh, Iddah, the Confluence, Egga and Rabba, and return to the sea in less than fourteen days."

Rabba, one of the chief Felatah towns, is about 430 miles up the river, or 100 miles further than Egga, and yet, we are informed, that a steam vessel could go there and return in about a fourth of the time employed by the expedition in reaching the latter place. The great importance of being able to abridge to this extent the period spent in the river, will appear from what follows:—

"In no case did the fever break out before the sixteenth day after commencing the ascent of the river, or sooner than the twenty-first day from entering the river. The *Albert*, *Amelia*, and *Soudan* were twenty-three days inside the river before fever made its appearance, and the *Wilberforce* about two days less; therefore, as the invasion of the disease was nearly, if not wholly, simultaneous on board the ships, a case may be said to have occurred in the *Wilberforce* on the twenty-first day. Assuming that the poison was not inhaled until the vessel steamed upwards, which will reduce the period of latency to the shortest probable duration, and taking the cases on board the *Albert*, the ship the longest in the river, I find that out of fifty-five cases among the whites, and six among the people of colour entered in England, the days of seizure were as follows: on the 16th day three; on the 17th, two; on the 18th, two; on the 19th, three; on the 20th, four; on the 25th, one; on the 26th, three; on the 29th, three; on the 30th, three; on the 31st, three; on the 33d, five; on the 34th, four; on the 35th, two; on the 36th, one; on the 37th, six; on the 42d, three; on the 45th, one; on the 47th, one; on the 48th, one; on the 51st, one; on the 60th, three: average day of invasion 33.286. Among the six people of colour, two were attacked on the 16th day, one on the 18th, one on the 21st, one on the 29th, and one on the 42d, day; making the average period of attack the 25th day, (25.200). Bearing also in mind that about one ninth of the white crew escaped the river fever altogether; that the people of colour only who had resided for some time in a temperate climate were affected by it, but in small proportion and in a mild degree; and that the blacks entered in Africa did not suffer at all,—we shall have some data for the selection of crews for future operations in the Niger."

From this it would appear that, due attention being given to dispatchfulness, a vessel might ascend the Quorra as high as could be necessary for purposes of trade, and return to the sea in less time than the river fever requires to manifest itself. The seeds of disease, it is true, might be imbibed in the mean time; but it is probable that beyond the pestilential region, and at sea, the fever would assume a less malignant character, and with diminished mortality would cease the alarm which is the most formidable ally of the disease.

Among 145 Europeans engaged in the expedition, all vigorous young men, there were no fewer than 130 cases of fever, 40 of which terminated fatally. How long the survivors continued to be affected with the consequences of the malady, we are unable to say. Our author has established the fact, that one effect of

the morbid influence which usually produces fever, is to disorder the mucous membranes in general, and particularly to cause ulceration of the intestines, whence ensues the dysentery so frequent and severe on the coast of Africa. The violence of the fever fell wholly on the Europeans:—

"Of the blacks, consisting of natives of various parts of Africa, including Kroomen, Americans, West Indians of African origin and East Indians to the number of 158, eleven only were affected by the fever in the river: they (the eleven) had all been in England, and for some years absent from their respective countries. The disease in them assumed a comparatively mild form, and in no case did it prove fatal; showing that the immunity from endemic disease in warm countries, which is enjoyed by the dark races, is to a certain extent destroyed by a temporary residence in another climate."

It is obvious that the blacks engaged in the expedition were much less open to what our author calls "moral impressions" than the Europeans. They could hardly be so well acquainted with white men's customs, as to be able to perceive in every instance how far the regulations of the ship originated in the fear of disease. We do not mean, however, to reject altogether the influence of climate, or physical causes of disease; but we believe that these physical causes have been much magnified, as well as distorted by hypothesis. The whole system of medicating (as it was called) the ships, was grounded on the supposition, that the atmosphere of the Quorra is filled with miasmata or noxious effluvia, and much trouble was taken to combat those imaginary enemies. Our author intimates his belief that these poisonous particles being inhaled mingle with the blood, which thus becomes the first seat of disorder; but to us it appears that he really knows as little of the progress of the poison, as he knows of the poison itself, respecting which he thus ingenuously confesses his ignorance:—

"But the nature of the poison to be combated was unknown, and therefore it was impossible to predict what the effect of various materials might be. Such materials, therefore, were provided as were known to be most powerful in acting upon those poisonous bodies that have been found in the air, more particularly acids, lime, and chlorine; and to these were added substances capable of influencing the hygrometrical condition of the atmosphere. I do entertain the opinion that had we been fortunate enough to discover the precise nature of the poison, and had it been confined to no very extended district, that by keeping the white men below as much as possible, and steaming rapidly through that situation, the medicator might have been brought into much more efficient operation than was possible when, with every attention to experiment that circumstances permitted, no clue as to the constitution of the virus was obtained."

Now the fact that 147 black men totally escaped disease in the Niger expedition, while 130 Europeans suffered from it, appears to us to be a sufficient proof that we must attribute the disease to the ordinary accidents of climate, heat and humidity, but not to any poison or specific substance which a chemist and physiologist could say is prejudicial to life. Dr. M-William, it is true, found that in those who died of fever, the blood was fluid after death, but in his deductions from this fact, he mixes nine parts of theory with one of reason. He supposes that some miasmata, absorbed in the system, poisons the blood and hinders its coagulation. "The general character of the morbid anatomy," he observes, "seems to prove, that the cause of the disease was a poison introduced into the blood, through some channel." But can he imagine any poison which would thus operate on the blood of a white man and not on that of a black? Since the Kroomen and other blacks of Western Africa were found

wholly exempt from the malady which attacked the whites, it necessarily follows that there is nothing in the air of the Quorra which is essentially injurious to human life, but that the different manner in which it affects natives and Europeans, must be assigned wholly to the difference of their constitutions, which lies chiefly in the power of absorbing and generating heat. In short, we would explode the doctrine of miasmata altogether, as being worse than useless.

Not long ago an opinion, which emanated from high authority, obtained currency, that sulphuretted hydrogen, disengaged from the putrescent vegetable matter carried down by the rivers, or washed off the shores, in mixed salt and fresh water, is the cause of the malignant fevers prevalent on the coasts of Africa. Plausible as this seemed at first sight, a little attention was sufficient to discover its unsoundness. Our author, too, observes, "I consider the absence of the gas in question (sulphuretted hydrogen) from the sea and river waters, and superincumbent atmosphere, to be distinctly proved." Here then is the end of the best attempt hitherto made to give the much talked of miasmata a distinct chemical form.

There are two important questions respecting the African fever, viz. 1. Whether it be contagious; and 2. Whether a person once attacked by the disease, is rendered thereby less liable to it for the future; which questions we shall allow our author to answer in his own words:—

"The question as to whether contagion contributed to the spread of the disease on board of the ships may, in my opinion, be briefly disposed of. All were exposed to the same influences, and nearly all were attacked with fever. Two only of the four medical officers who died had been in attendance on fever patients. Dr. Pritchett, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Stirling and Dr. Stanger were among the few who escaped being seized with fever, although they were in constant intercourse with the sick; and I was the last person in the Albert laid down with fever. The nurses on board the Albert were among the latest taken ill, and one escaped altogether. No fact came under my observation affording the slightest evidence that the disease was communicable from one person to another. Does one attack of river fever afford any protection against a second? My own experience, added to information obtained from many of my brother officers, and from Mr. King, the surgeon of the *Ethiopia*, who has been more in the Niger than any other medical man, is wholly unfavourable to the opinion that one attack of river fever affords any immunity from a second. On the contrary, those who have once suffered from this treacherous disease seem particularly predisposed to it, if they again venture within malarious influence. Of those who had the Niger remittent, on board the *Wilberforce* in 1841, many were again attacked with fever, on the return of the vessel to the coast the following year, while surveying the Cameroon river and Amboises islands; and when that vessel proceeded up the Niger the second time, in July 1842, six out of seven who had already passed through river fever, were again seized with it, from the effects of which two died. In many cases the character of the second attack may not be exactly like that of the first, but Mr. Stirling, who saw the patients on the return of the vessel to Fernando Po, considered the fever as in no way differing from that which had come under his observation when in the river during the previous year."

We confess that we find nothing in Dr. McWilliam's volume calculated to convince us that there is any particular noxiousness in the atmosphere of the Quorra. Extensive flats overgrown with wood, a wide and swampy delta, and mangrove thickets, are, no doubt, sufficient to horrify one who stands habitually in awe of miasmata: at the very sight of a river's banks covered with dense foliage, he already feels the first shiverings of the coming fever. But if we calmly compare the mortality of the Quorra, as

derived from the experience of all the vessels which have hitherto visited it, with that of Sierra Leone, or the Gambia, or of Western Africa collectively, the result, we believe, will be the conviction, that there is no greater risk of life in the Quorra than is perseveringly incurred elsewhere. It will be no easy matter, we are aware, to overcome the horror of miasmata; yet let the mortality of Tuckey's expedition be considered—an expedition which passed through a country where every appearance was favourable to health; let it be considered, too, that Ascension Island, which is elevated and almost quite bare of vegetation, has been visited by fever, although no one can suspect it of generating marsh miasmata. When travellers shall have thrown aside the solicitude arising out of theories of disease, then we hope to see the Quorra explored as fearlessly as the Senegal or Gambia.

*Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science—Mechanical Philosophy.* By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., Author of 'Principles of Physiology.' Orr.

To write a book without sufficient reason, is, in this era, to commit a double sin—against the author himself, and against the public. To write a book on a new subject—to write on an old subject new things—to write learnedly on that which has been formerly but loosely and vaguely treated—or to write intelligibly on what has been only learnedly, and abstractly, and drily treated—or to mix with water and dilute and sweeten with sugared and honeyed words, for the palate of the youthful scholar, the hard and bitter truths of science—all these are apologies for writing, printing, publishing, which we frankly admit; and any one of them is sufficient to convert our task as reviewers into an unmitigated pleasure, especially wherever we find the work honestly and sincerely performed. But a new book without such an apology is an unmitigated evil. The task of reviewing becomes irksome (thankless it always is) and ungracious; but, as a duty, it is not to be omitted simply because it happens to be unpleasant.

We have read over with great care the publisher's preface, next the author and editor's, and lastly, with pains-taking, this book itself, and we have formed a very simple opinion on the subject—the book was not wanted; others of the same kind, and better, are already in existence; the subject has already been served up *ad nauseam*; the author knows his subject imperfectly, and what little he does know is ill communicated.

This book is called a 'Popular Cyclopædia'; had we not a popular Cyclopædia before? Pray what is the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' if it is not a popular Cyclopædia? are not its volumes small enough, are not its woodcuts sufficiently numerous? is it not sufficiently diluted? must the diet be made poorer still? the intellectual regimen of a people ground down to a poor-house dietary? Is not Lardner popular enough? does Carpenter think he can write more popularly than that prince of popular writers? But the prince is dethroned! Lardner is down, he has no friends; and so Messrs. Carpenter and Orr publish their 'Popular Cyclopædia.'

But if the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' is to be despised as worthless, because its quondam editor committed a folly and a sin, pray let it be so, and let us understand each other, and admit the cause. Lardner committed a folly and a sin, and so let him suffer, and let all the pure throw stones at him without mercy; but shall one sin efface all the multitude of merits of his books, and most of his Cyclopædia,—and shall the works of Herschel, and Brewster, and Kater, and many others, parts of that Cyclopædia, all be blotted out by this one mighty sin,—and

shall we think and act as if they had never been? Then still so be it. But, then, is there not already a popular Cyclopædia, called the 'Library of Useful Knowledge'; and is it not popular enough in all conscience, and must it be watered down "lower and lower still"? And then have we not 'Scientific Dialogues' for the boys, and 'Conversations' for the girls, and 'Scientific Wanderings' for the old ladies? Faugh—enough, *ad nauseam*.

But let us hear the publisher. "No works at present before the public appear to be altogether suitable to this purpose" (instruction of youth); other works being "behind the present state of science"—"inaccurate copies of one another"—"destitute of the striking novelties which scientific research is constantly bringing into view," &c. Very well; so be it. And all this is now to be set right. Let us see how these censures of the past and promises of the future are to be fulfilled—popular without puerility, profound without pedantry, truthful yet not trite, new and startling yet not superficial or empirical,—let us see.

"Popular without puerility," page 21. "A washerwoman, who leaves an apron-string hanging down from one side of her tub at night, would probably find in the morning that a great part of the water had been drained by it upon the floor." How wonderful!!! (*Le verre d'eau*—great effects from small causes.) A little apron-string and a great one-sided tub. Try—try the apron-string; it will not do it—only very little. In the same page the writer speaks of a *hyperbola*, and, instead of it, draws a *circle*—fig. 2.

"Profound without pedantry," next page, 22. Put paragraph 28 into the hands of any boy or man, who previously knew nothing about it but what the book tells him, and then ask him what is endosmosis? what it is, and how it is? Whatever notion was in the author's head, he has assuredly conveyed nothing like an adequate idea of the subject. But go on a little further: in page 25, a ring of platinum is *welded* to a tube of glass. This welding of glass and platinum together is certainly a new and clever process. But to proceed:—"Solids exercise attractions over gaseous particles.... Shown by the floating on water of bodies which are really heavier than itself, but which are buoyed up by a layer of air that adheres to them.... Thus, with a little care, we may lay a fine sewing-needle on the surface of water in such a manner that it will not sink; but if the needle be too thick, its weight will bear a larger proportion to the quantity of air that surrounds it, so that it cannot be made to float."

Here is novel and startling scientific discovery with a vengeance. Alas! poor Monge and Segner;—alas! thou universal Dr. Young;—alas! poor Laplace, and poorer Poisson;—oh! poor Gauss, ye knew nothing of the matter; ye lived too early in the world; ye have spent the strength and substance of your thought and your calculus in vain upon the theory of capillary attraction; ye were born too soon, for now we see that ye troubled your heads in vain to discover the measures and resultants of all these capillary attractions. The needle swims on the top of the water, just as a shipwrecked cockney would, by being specially furnished for the occasion with an air jacket—a patent Mackintosh (Carpenter's?) water-proof air safety life-preserver.

Now, dear authors, and publishers, and patient readers, is it our fault that we have to say all this? are we to blame that we find such ignorance of first principles in a book that professes to teach? Verily, then, it is a good precaution not to read the book before reviewing, for reading is somewhat apt to raise a prejudice against it.

Shall we go on? Shall we say, in page 29, that fig. 4, as arranged, will not act;—that the



arch, fig. 31, will not stand, never was executed, and never will be;—that in pages 209 and 210, the nature of the cycloid is wholly misunderstood, and in the figure wholly misrepresented; and the point O is twice as far from D, both in the verbal demonstration and in the diagram, as in truth it should be.

We need dwell no longer on the subject. The passages we have remarked on are not selected, but such as lay on the pages we opened while writing. They are sufficient to show that the author is imperfectly acquainted even with the elements of the subject he proposes to teach, and that the little knowledge he has is derived from a cursory perusal of books. Science is hardly a subject to be thus trifled with: the path to science is too full of traps and pitfalls, in the shape of erroneous plausibilities, to be safely trodden in the wake of a half-learned guide; and we know, when the blind lead the blind, where they generally land. No! popular writing is, doubtless, a very useful commodity, and for which there is demand in the market; but, if we mistake not, successful popular writing on science requires much more sound knowledge and original thought, than the majority who attempt it seem to have any notion of. Very few have succeeded in it; and those, generally, who have been most successful, have been those who had been beforehand most thoroughly versed in their subjects, so as to have no anxiety for their own status, and leave their minds wholly occupied with the mode of instilling what they knew into the minds of their hearers. But those who attempt to get up a knowledge of the subject *pro re nata*, and to write before their own ideas are settled and matured, are sure of failure, and all we can say of them, at the best, is that—They have been at a feast of learning, and stolen the scraps.

*The Closing Events of the Campaign in China.*  
By Capt. G. G. Loch. Murray.  
*The Last Year in China.* By a Field Officer. Longman & Co.

"Anxious to see China, and witness the operations then proceeding there," Capt. Loch, in December 1841, asked and obtained permission to join the Expedition, and on the 23rd of January sailed from Plymouth Sound. On the evening of the 26th of April he entered the Straits of Sunda, the western entrance to the China Sea, and from this point he begins to record his observations. Capt. Loch's remarks extend over the greater part of the year 1842, and form lively illustrations of the close of the Chinese campaign, and the character of the singular country and people against whom the British arms were for the first time directed.

After touching at Hong-Kong, and making a hurried visit to Macao, the fleet departed for the scene of operations, and arrived in time to be present at the dismantling of the Woo-sung Forts; and here Capt. Loch mentions some instances of Chinese bravery worth recording. An officer twice led his troops to the very point of the British bayonets, rallying them when repulsed, till he fell, shot through the loins:—

"When he was carried to the rear, an interpreter, seeing tears streaming down his cheeks, told him not to fear—that mercy and every kindness would be shown him.—'Mercy,' he said, 'I want no mercy. I came here to fight for my Emperor, and neither to give nor to accept mercy; but if you wish to gain my gratitude, and can be generous, write to my revered sovereign, and say I fell in the front, fighting to the last.'"

Nor was this a solitary instance:—

"The Chinese have shown many individual instances of conspicuous gallantry: it may be sufficient to remark one in particular that occurred on the ramparts of Chin-kiang-foo. A Mandarin led a small party of about thirty men against a company of General Schoedde's advancing column; a volley

dispersed his soldiers, but he marched up to the points of the bayonets; and, after firing his matchlock, succeeded in pulling over the ramparts with him two of the grenadiers. I feel persuaded that, if drilled under English officers, they would prove equal, if not superior, to the Sepoys; they have greater physical power, greater obstinacy, and, consequently, minds that retain impressions with greater tenacity, and would be slow to lose confidence after it was once built upon the foundation of their vanity."

At Chan-hai, the writer was quartered in some tea-gardens, of which he gives the following description:—

"In the centre of a serpentine sheet of water, there is a rocky island, and on it a large temple of two stories, fitted up for the accommodation of the wealthy public. Pillars of carved wood support the roof; fretted groups of uncouth figures fill up the narrow spaces; while moveable latticed blinds screen the occupants from the warmth of the noonday sun. Nothing can surpass the beauty and truth to nature of the most minutely carved flowers and insects prodigally scattered over every screen and cornice. This is the central and largest temple. A number of other light aerial-looking structures of the same form are perched upon the corners of artificial rocky precipices, and upon odd little islands. Light and fanciful wooden bridges connect most of these islands, and are thrown across the arms of the serpentine water, so that each sequestered spot can be visited in turn. At a certain passage of the sun, the main temple is shaded in front by a rocky eminence, the large masses of which are connected with great art and propriety of taste, but in shape and adjustment most studiously grotesque. Trees and flowers and tufts of grass are sown and planted, where art must have been taxed to the utmost to procure them lodgment. In another part of the gardens there is a miniature wood of dwarf trees, with a dell and waterfall; the leaves, fruit, and blossoms of the trees are in proportion to their size. This ingenious science (if science it can be called), to bring it to perfection, requires the most assiduous care and patient watching. A small branch of a forest tree is deprived of a ring of bark, and the bare place covered round with prepared unctuous earth; this is kept moist, and when the radicles have pushed into the loam, the branch is separated from the tree, and planted in a trough or porcelain flower-pot. The pot is then filled with bog earth, manure and clay, and water is applied according to the necessity of the plant. The branches are repressed by cutting and burning, and bent into shapes resembling an old forest tree; and even to the roughness of the bark and hollow knots of pruned and decayed branches, they are complete in resemblance. The roughness is produced by ants, attracted by smearing the bark with sweet substances. Tortuous pathways lead to the top of the artificial mountain, each turning formed with studied art to surprise and charm, by offering at every point fresh views and objects. Flowers and creepers sprout out from crevices; trees hang over the jutting crags; small pavilions crested with the white stork, their emblem of purity, are seen from almost every vista, while grottos and rocky recesses, shady bowers and labyrinths, are placed to entrap the unwary, each with an appropriate motto, one inviting the wanderer to repose, another offering quiet and seclusion to the contemplative philosopher."

A party sent on shore to obtain vegetables, saw a proclamation affixed to one of the principal houses:—

"It mentioned our victories, and hinted at the possibility of our ascent up their great river; in the event of which occurring, the people were implored to remain in their houses, and not to leave the country exposed to the inroads of banditti; it stated that we (the English) had always shown ourselves anxious to conciliate the peasantry, and consequently would not injure them, nor allow the robbers to commit depredations, if they remained. This single document is of itself, I think, evidence sufficient to lead to the conclusion that the Emperor will never again have the inclination to command, allowing he may have the power to compel, his subjects to retire inland, and thus meet an invading enemy by passive resistance. It would expose his richest provinces to be plundered by native robbers,—the evil, above all others, he has the greatest reason to dread."

After the taking of Chin-kiang-foo, the writer entered a large house in that city, belonging to a Tatar of distinction, and thus describes the pitiable scene which presented itself:—

"After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewn with rich stuffs and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the 'hall of ancestors' there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, much alike, apparently brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen, from the loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met, face to face, three women seated, a mother and two daughters; and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over, and endeavouring to conceal, a living soldier."

Such a scene could not have been witnessed without horror, even during the excitement of a battle, but Capt. Loch saw it after the city was taken and all danger at an end. He thus proceeds:—

"I stopped, horror-struck at what I saw. I must have betrayed my feelings by my countenance. As I stood spell-bound to the spot. The expression of cold unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me, and seized me by the arm, and with clenched teeth and deadly frown pointed to the bodies—to her daughters—to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly closed hands, and in a hoarse and husky voice, I could see by her gestures spoke of her misery—of her hate, and I doubt not of revenge. It was a scene that one could not bear long; consolation was useless; expostulation from me vain. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be in her unprotected state a hundred-fold increased; that if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country, where, doubtless, she would meet many of the fugitives; but the poor woman would not listen to me; the whole family were by this time in loud lamentation; so all that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape."

The following anecdote illustrates the danger with which the *beautifying* of the Chinese women, by making the feet small, is accompanied. It reminds us forcibly of tight lacing and its consequences:—

"The means taken to effect the alteration of the women's feet in China are decidedly prejudicial to the health, and frequently attended with fatal consequences. This fact was ascertained by a clever young naval surgeon who was for some time stationed at Chusan. It happened that during an excursion into the country, he one day entered a house where he found a child about eight years old very ill, and suffering under severe hectic fever; on examination he discovered that her feet were undergoing the process of distortion; he was informed that she had been a year under this treatment. Moved by pity for the little sufferer, he proceeded to remove the bindings, and fomented the feet, which were covered with ulcers and inflammation. The change in shape had already commenced by the depression of the toes. The child was much relieved by, and evidently grateful for his treatment. On taking his leave he warned the mother that she would certainly lose her child if the bands were replaced; but his remonstrances were of no avail. Whenever he returned (and this happened frequently), he always found them on again, the woman urging as an excuse that her daughter had better die than remain unmarried, and that without improved feet such a calamity would be her inevitable lot. As might be expected, the child grew worse and worse. After a longer interval than usual, he once again revisited the house, but found it untenanted,

and a little coffin lying at the door, in which he discovered the body of his poor young patient."

On the 14th of August, Capt. Loch accompanied Major Malcolm and Messrs. Morrison and Thom to meet some Chinese mandarins, and if possible to negotiate a treaty:—

"We were received at the entrance of the spacious court of the temple by a bevy of mandarins, from the blue to the brass button. Different from us, they rustled in embroidered silks and flowered muslin of a design and beauty of texture worthy even to deck the forms of our own fair dames. They marshalled us with many obsequious bows, and really much graceful courtesy, into the great hall of audience, where Mr. Secretary 'Whang' and the Tartar General 'Chin' were standing to receive us. After Mr. Morrison had severally introduced us, we sat down in chairs that would have held two Daniel Lamberts, round a square table, Whang opposite Malcolm, I next to Chin, and Mr. Thom opposite me. Mr. Morrison retired to another table to translate some papers. Whang, a man of seven or eight and thirty, is considered one of the most rising statesmen in China, and his manners and conversation marked him a perfect gentleman. I do not remember ever having met, even in my own country, a person of more gentle and polished manner or courteous breeding than this Chinese, so different from the majority of his countrymen in their intercourse with foreigners. The General was a portly old veteran of about sixty, wearing a little grey tufted beard, a plain dress, crystal ball, and peacock's feather. His red ball had been taken away for some offence shortly before our arrival. The other mandarins stood round among the servants, and listened, as is the universal custom, to all that was discussed. At the door were a few peace-keepers or police, wearing red felt conical caps, each topped with a cock's feather, which traversed round upon a swivel. They were armed with cow-hide whips, which they kept in pretty frequent use upon the shoulders of the pressing and chattering rabble outside."

Whilst Mr. Morrison was copying the papers tea was handed round:—

"When the writing was finished, Malcolm produced the patent from Her Majesty, appointing him Secretary of Legation: this was to show that he was the accredited and proper person to negotiate on the part of the Envoy. After this was looked at, he displayed Sir Henry Pottinger's, which was translated *verbatim* by Mr. Thom, and the Queen's seal and signature pointed out to the deputies. Major Malcolm then demanded to see the Emperor's commission, which, after some little delay and great ceremony, was brought forth from a chest by a mandarin, under whose special charge it appeared to be. He carried the roll of yellow silk in both his hands, and proceeded—his eyes reverentially fixed upon it—with slow and solemn steps towards the table, and placed it in the hands of Whang with tenderness and forced resignation. The produce of the silk wrapper was a little shabby yellow box, badly made, and worse painted, containing the power, which Morrison on examination pronounced, as far as he was able to judge, authentic. I was greatly amused watching the anxious and horrified faces of the various Chinese when Mr. Morrison touched the commission, and I thought the old keeper would have fainted on the spot when he, for an instant, held it in one hand. In China, the same respect is paid to an Imperial edict, or the mark of the vermilion pencil, that with us, the sovereign only receives in person."

Previous to signing the final treaty, our author accompanied Sir H. Pottinger on a visit to the Chinese commissioners:—

"A more tolerable band than we had yet heard commenced, as we sat down, a tune resembling a pibroch, and continued to play throughout the repast. Young white-buttoned mandarins handed round tea, hot wine, and sweetmeats, while a conversation upon general subjects was maintained between the Commissioners and Sir Henry through the medium of the interpreters. Numerous patties of minced meat, pork, arrow root, vermicelli soup, with meat in it, pig's ear soup, and other strange dishes, were served in succession, in small china and silver basins, and in proportion to our various capabilities in making these messes disappear, we seemed to rise

in the estimation of the beholders. But human nature could not support this ordeal long, and, as a *coup de grace*, Ke-ying insisted upon Sir Henry opening his mouth while he with great dexterity shot into it several immense sugar-plums. I shall never forget Sir Henry's face of determined resignation after he found remonstrances were of no avail; nor the figure of Ke-ying, as he stood planted before him, in the attitude of a short-sighted old lady threading a needle, poisoning the *bonne bouche* between his finger and thumb preparatory to his successful throw."

The Captain and a large party now set off to visit Nanking and the Porcelain Pagodas. On their route they came upon a burial ground situate at the corner of a vast plain:—

"Near the foot of the grassy slope, at about the centre of the hill, a large jos house stands fronting an avenue of colossal granite figures of men and animals, extending in a semicircular sweep for about a mile, to two square, brick, Egyptian-shaped buildings, which are hollow, open on each side, and empty. These, we were told, were the tombs of the emperors of the Ming dynasty; but our guide also said, that there was a large excavation in the rock behind the jos house containing coffins; so I fancy that it must be the place of general interment, and that the huge figures were merely intended to dignify the approach to the cemetery. We had not time to visit the jos house, but we trotted our startled horses between these silent guards, and examined with great interest the sculpture of a departed age—they are about three times the size of life. A tablet gate marks the commencement of the avenue; then in succession appear two upright shafts of granite in single blocks, four warriors dressed in long loose shirts of scale armour, leaning with folded hands upon their swords, (they front each other, as do all the statues,) next to them lions, bears, horses, camels, elephants, and so on to the two buildings, a repetition of the same figures, each alternate pair (with the exception of the men) crouching. Most of them have been hewn into shape from single blocks: they rest upon flat slabs of granite, on unlevelled ground, and, strange to say, although centuries have passed since they were first placed there, no weeds are growing around, nor have they sunk three inches. The elephants are accurately shaped, and fairly sculptured; the rest are all most rudely executed."

The Porcelain Pagoda is—

"an octagonal building of nine stories, rising to the height of 261 feet; bright with many-coloured porcelain, which throws off a glittering light like the reflected rays from gems: it is in perfect preservation. The porcelain is fastened to the tower with mortar, as Dutch tiles are upon a stove, except the projecting cornices and bas-reliefs of grotesque monsters, which are nailed. The various colours are white, yellow, red, and green; the roofing tiles are all of the imperial yellow. It stands in a spacious court, surrounded on three sides by a wall, the fourth open to two extensive flights of granite steps descending to the jos house attached to the pagoda facing the town. Another large enclosure planted with regular rows of trees extends to the road and suburbs. The projecting flanges, if I may so term them, of the separate stories curve upwards at the points, to which are suspended bells of size proportioned to the taper of the tower. A priest assured me that when they were first hung up, after the complete repair of the paouti, or pagoda, in the last century, they used to ring forth charming melodies at the command of the mistress of the tower, 'the Queen of Heaven,' until she, wrathful at the indifference and falling off of her followers, in a fit of anger, deprived them of sound. The greater portion are certainly tongueless, and all of them cracked, which is not surprising, for the bells and cast gongs in China (made of the same metal) are very brittle, from the absence of an adequate proportion of alloy."

Having secured their horses, the party entered the pagoda, and found themselves in an octagonal corridor surrounding the body of the building—

"which is square and elaborately ornamented with figures of the Buddha faith in bas-relief—the whole profusely gilt: each story contained a shrine with the universal idol, the sitting figure of 'the Queen of Heaven.' A single door under the niche,

in which the principal deity was placed, leads into a square chamber in the shaft of the building, occupied by another image. The walls are all lined with square porcelain tiles, each separate one embossed with a small device in the centre: those upon the ground-floor are entirely covered with gilding. The others of the eight upper stories differ, by having a black edging round the gilded device, which has a good effect: the concluding step of each story is of stone, the flooring and stairs of wood. The ample view from the summit surpassed our expectations. Facing the south, a little river from the distant hills came winding like the Forth near Stirling: it passes by the south and western walls, and helps to supply the canal with water. Towards the S.W., as far as the sight could reach, flowed the princely Yang-tze-kiang, leaving between us and it, as it passed Nanking, a richly cultivated flat of paddy land about three miles in breadth. Facing the north, we looked down upon the walls and roofs of a dense cluster of houses—the Chinese city; through the centre, eastward, ran a canal. The streets seemed very narrow; the buildings principally of two low stories; and upon every slight rise of ground public temples, granaries, and government offices, surrounded by spacious yards or courts were discernible."

Here we must take leave. The narrative is plainly the work of one who travels with his eyes open, recording what he sees, and seeing all that is to be seen.

'The Last Year in China' escaped our notice at the time of publication. It is less full in its details, and less amusing than Capt. Loch's little volume.

*Anti-Duel; or, a Plan for the Abrogation of Duelling, &c.* By John Dunlop. Houlston & Stoneman.

It is strange that such practices as duelling should be tolerated in defiance of reason, and without the support of anything approaching to a single undeniable argument; and it is still more strange and melancholy that such a defiance of conviction should not proceed from the blandishments of passion, but be maintained at a sacrifice of the natural feelings. Inexplicable, however, as the fact may be, it is neither new nor rare. There is not an opinion that has passed irremediably into the class of vulgar prejudices, but had preserved a protracted influence for long years, after all the knowledge necessary for its refutation had been widely disseminated and respectfully received. Even when opposing public opinion no longer hesitates, and practices are universally admitted to be absurd, mischievous, and immoral, they continue active and influential, like the hero in the Italian epic, who went on fighting, after death, because, though he was killed, he was too busy in the contest to be aware of the fact.

Without saying much for the wisdom or the morality of the age, we may aver, that it is fully convinced that there is nothing satisfactory in what is called gentlemanly satisfaction—that the loss of any given quantity of brains will not make that to be true which has been falsely uttered; or that being "winged" in a duel does not predispose us to greater comfort under the infliction of an injury so justified. As for the opposite contingency of putting the saddle on the right horse, that makes no difference, as to the result, which, according to the code of honour, is as effectually, though not as pleasantly, "washed out" in your own blood, as in that of him who had offended you: so that the pleasure of revenge, the only natural motive for entering into the transaction, is repudiated and excluded, as savage, ferocious, and ungentelemanly. All this is known and acknowledged; and yet men who never refuse themselves a pleasure or submit to an annoyance except "on compulsion," in this one instance place themselves unresistingly at the beck and call of all the world, and are the bond



slaves of any one who asserts his desire to face them at ten paces.

This view of the case is not very favourable to the attempt at reasoning down the abuse; but though true enough in the main, as respects those who fight when they must, but back out when they can, it does not lay bare the whole state of the entire practice. In the present condition of society, the greater number of duels actually fought are entered upon either by men of strong and bad passions, tending to bring them into hostile collision with each other, or by men who have a sort of animal pleasure in the taking of life. Since the abuse of wine has ceased to be habitual, the instances of educated gentlemen engaging in personal encounters, have become exceptional; and in the army where the *punctilio* must be the most sensitively treated, the appeal to the pistol is daily becoming more rare. Although, therefore, when the *casus belli* occurs, most gentlemen submit to the necessity imposed by what is mistaken for public opinion, still it is not less true, that the abuse is becoming unpopular, is confined to smaller circles, and is open to efficient attacks from those who are disposed manfully to wrestle with it: men of sense are tired of fearing to be thought afraid. Of those so disposed, Mr. Dunlop, author of the pamphlet now before us, is one. This writer is known to our readers, by our notices of more than one strenuous effort made by him in behalf of humanity. Of his work on the tendency of mankind to associate, (*Athen.* No. 665) the present publication is a corollary: the purpose being to induce the public to avail themselves of that tendency, and to put down duelling, by the voluntary union of large numbers in protest against the practice. In recommendation of the scheme, Mr. Dunlop very reasonably dwells on our experience of the happy influence of temperance societies, in abating the drinking nuisance.

There is, however, this great difference in the cases, that temperance societies are popular institutions founded by the people for the people, on a powerful personal feeling of the necessity of the case: whereas anti-duelling associations must be established and brought into vogue by the masses, who are in a very trifling degree exposed to the evil, and whose ways of thinking are but rarely in harmony with those of the parties they would have to address. As far as our experience has gone, and it is now extended over a long series of years, argument, by whomsoever offered, has been wholly wasted in contending with the evil. The practice, reposing on opinion alone, has best been checked by ridicule; and accordingly we have observed, that one absurd encounter, by persons not entitled to "the honours of the duello," or conducted upon principles repugnant to "the code of honour," has done more towards preserving the public peace than all direct attacks. So too, *per contra*, a duel by men of station and character can hardly fail to produce a temporary increase of the practice.

In offering these remarks, we would not be understood as undervaluing Mr. Dunlop's effort, or of insinuating that his proposed end is not in the highest degree interesting to humanity. It is some gratification to know, that the growing civilization of the world is actually telling; and that every day something is gained towards a final abolition of the custom. On the whole a professed duellist is already regarded with contempt, by the most respectable and respected members of society; and a knowledge of the fact is not without its influence even on the worthless. It may, therefore, be presumed that a reduction of the proposition to black and white, and a formal protest of large majorities, taken from the most religious and reflecting part of

society, would not be wholly lost in such a state of things. The difficulty is to extort such an overt act from those, to whose habits of thought and of action the practice of duelling is not wholly alien.

*The Original History of Ancient America, founded upon the Ruins of Antiquity: the Identity of the Aborigines with the People of Tyrus and Israel: and the Introduction of Christianity by the Apostle St. Thomas.* By George Jones, R.S.I., M.F.S.V., &c. Longman & Co.

*Mexico, Guatemala, and Peru—[L'Univers Pittoresque, &c.]* By M. Lacroix. Paris and London, Didot.

HORACE records that an author of his day, named Fannius, fearing that the world would not form a just estimate of his merits, carried his statue and his works to the Palatine Library, and insisted that they should occupy the highest niche of merit. Mr. George Jones has more than rivalled the self-complacency of Fannius; having revived, with very slight modification, an old theory, long since exploded for its palpable absurdity, he presents himself before us, displaying his portrait and heralding his advent with a flourish of trumpets, the loudness of which is in direct proportion to the hollowness of his pretensions. His theory is, that the natives of the American Continent are descended from two stocks, the Tyrians and the Israelites, and he declaims on this crude conjecture in a strain of bombast imitated from the worst style of Macpherson's Ossian; he duly chronicles that he has had an invitation to dinner from the Duke of Cambridge, that his publishers wrote him a civil note when they accepted his manuscript, and that the recommendation to dedicate his book to the Archbishop of Canterbury, came from very high authority. These matters are obviously of great interest to Mr. George Jones, but we cannot see any necessity for parading them before the public.

Mr. Jones's theory of the colonization of America is precisely the same as that which forms the basis of the Book of Mormon, for the superadding of the Tyrians can scarcely be called a change, as the Phœnicians and Israelites were closely affiliated branches of the great Semitic race, speaking nearly the same language, with so little dialectic difference, that every Phœnician or Punic name recorded in authentic history can be resolved into Hebrew compounds. Now, in order to show that the American aborigines are descended from a Semitic race, it would be necessary to establish structural analogies in physiology, language, and social institutions; not such accidental coincidences as would identify a bashaw and a barrister because each has three tails. On the subject of physiology Mr. Jones is silent; he is modest enough to decline collision with Cuvier and Blumenbach. He is equally reserved on the subject of language. Every one who has studied ethnography is aware, that though words continually vary, the grammatical structure of language is indestructible; that the principles, for instance, of declension, conjugation, prefixes and suffixes, substantially remain the same, though the materials on which they work may be changed, just as the same general principles of construction may be seen in edifices of wood, of brick, or of marble. The structure of the Semitic languages is known to the generality of scholars; the root or sign of the principal idea remains as nearly as possible unchanged amid all the varieties of inflection; we have examined the grammars of Indian languages, published and manuscript, of several tribes both in North and South America, and there is not one ex-

hibiting a trace of this principle, or of any near approach to it.

Let us next examine the analogies of social institution. Mr. Jones, so far as we can understand him, for the Ossianic dialect is not the most intelligible, gives us the following: the women of both races seclude themselves for a limited number of days after child-birth,—if the arbitrary number of days had been the same with both, this might have been a coincidence worth noting, but the simple fact of seclusion is common to the greater part of the human race. The American aborigines have a tradition of the deluge; so have all the races of ancient Asia, and this, of course, proves nothing. They have a chest which the priests keep hidden from the people, and Mr. Jones asserts this to be the Ark of the Covenant! They have festivals as the Israelites had, and as every other nation on the face of the earth still has. They use medicine-bags, containing charms, and because the said charms are deemed to be "preservatives," Mr. Jones identifies them with the Jewish phylacteries, which, he says, were also regarded as amulets. Mr. Jones ought to have known that "phylactery" was a name given by the Greeks to the slip of parchment on which a portion of the Law was inscribed; the Israelites called them *Tephillin*, from *תפלה* *Tephillah*, "a prayer," because they used them in public and private worship. This, we suppose, will settle the question of their identity with medicine-bags. Finally, says Mr. Jones, they have the rite of circumcision, a fact however resting on questionable authority, and proving nothing, inasmuch as the practice has been found in various parts of the globe where no Israelite connexion has been pretended.

So much for the Israelite portion of the theory; let us now turn to the Tyrian. Mr. Jones sets out by proving what is known to all the world, that there are remains of ruined cities and edifices in Central America, but inasmuch as those of Phœnicia have disappeared, we were a little at a loss to discover how he was to make out any analogy between the Fine Arts of Tyre and Mexico; in truth, he does not attempt it; he aims merely at finding similarities between the Mexican and Egyptian architecture, quietly assuming that the latter was identical with the Tyrian. He next informs us, that the Tyrians and Mexicans were idolaters, and that they offered human sacrifices; but as something more was wanting to establish a similarity, he asserts in the teeth of all history, that the Tyrian Hercules was the same as Apollo, and that Apollo, or the Sun, was the chief object of Mexican idolatry, quoting as his authorities Kotzebue and Sheridan! To mend the matter, these dramatists never made any reference to Mexico, for Rolla notoriously was the hero of Peru.

Baron Humboldt's authority is added to prove a similarity between the ornaments found on the mummies of the Guanches in Teneriffe and the Guipooes of the Peruvians and Mexicans; Mr. Jones slips in, that the Guanches were Tyrians, though in the very same sentence the Baron mentions, that the anatomical character of the Guanches is perceptibly different from that of the ancient Egyptians, and of course from that of the cognate races. We have been present at the examination of Peruvian mummies, and can testify that the structural differences between them and the skeletons of every branch of the Caucasian race, are as strong as can well be imagined. This, however, is not a point of any importance, as the identity of the Peruvians and Mexicans has never yet been established.

But Mr. Jones's great argument is derived from his interpretation of certain prophecies of Isaiah; he even goes so far as to insinuate, that

those who do not assent to his conclusion must be sceptics or atheists. The two passages in the prophecy material to the issue are, that the land of Tyre should be "utterly spoiled," but that a remnant should be left, which "should cry aloud from the sea." These predictions would of course be fulfilled, if a portion of the Tyrians had escaped to any of their colonies; but Mr. Jones has forgotten, that though the twenty-third chapter of Isaiah refers to Tyre, the twenty-fourth is a prediction respecting the Israelites, and that the verse following that which Mr. Jones has quoted indisputably applies the prophecy to the Israelites,—

Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the islands,  
Even the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea.

With most Biblical critics, we have adopted Lowth's rendering of the first line; but the second is that which bears upon the argument, for neither the Tyrians nor the Mexicans worshipped the Lord God of Israel. As the Bible is so much more frequently quoted than read, Mr. Jones may have hoped to escape detection when he omitted that portion of the prophecy which completely overthrows his entire deduction from Isaiah's words.

The voyage of the Tyrians to the Fortunate Islands exists only in Mr. Jones's imagination; all Alexander's historians declare, that the few Tyrians whom that conqueror spared, were allowed to remain in their land under their ancient King Azelmie. We may remark, that the history of the siege of Tyre ought to have saved Mr. Jones from his error about the Tyrian Apollo; he will find that the Tyrians chained the statue of Apollo, from fear that the god would desert to the Greeks; and if he refers to the thirteenth book of Diodorus Siculus, he will find the reason of this strange proceeding: it was because Apollo was a Grecian and not a Phœnician deity; indeed, the statue thus chained was taken by the Carthaginians at Gela, and sent to the parent city as a homage to the national god, Hercules, just as the Philistines placed the captured ark before the shrine of Dagon.

Mr. Jones makes large pretensions to extensive learning; he has only afforded us one opportunity of testing his learning, and that is pretty decisive. He proposes to change the name Lathyrus, given to one of the Ptolemies, into Latyrus, which he interprets "the Tyrian." Would he be pleased to tell us in what ancient language *La* is used as a definite article? Every school-boy knows that Lathyrus signifies "a pea," and that Ptolemy derived his name from a pea-shaped excrescence on his face. We have felt much reluctance in performing the painful duty of exposing so shallow a writer as Mr. Jones. Had he exhibited anything like modesty in propounding his theory, we should have been disposed to bestow upon him the charity of silence. But he has come before us with such a parade of pretension, that it was impossible to evade an examination of his claims, and we have limited ourselves to a few of his errors; were it necessary or desirable, we could point out others equally egregious.

It is a more pleasurable task to turn to the second work named at the head of this article, which contains a condensed and accurate summary of all that is known respecting the ruined cities of Central America. The volume forms part of an interesting geographical series, called 'L'Univers Pittoresque.'

*The Return of the Druses.* By Robert Brown-ing. Moxon.

This is a five-act drama,—the scene is laid in an island of the Southern Sporades, supposed to be inhabited by a party of Druse Christians, who, flying from Lebanon, before the arms of Os-

man, had planted their faith amid the sea, and called in the Knights of Rhodes to garrison their colony and help them to guard the sacred deposit for posterity. The policy of the Prefect appointed by the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, who had aimed at the absolute subjugation of the islanders by the massacre of their sheikhs, has prepared the latter for revolt; and during the temporary absence of the Prefect (who, to escape the consequences to himself of his tyrannous proceedings, has made a bargain for the sale of his office to the Patriarch), the aid of the Venetians has been secured; and the play opens when the Prefect, the Patriarch, and the fleet of the Republic are severally expected at the island. The plan of the revolt has been arranged by Djabal, a child, saved from the massacre of the sheikhs and their families; who, grown to manhood, with the secret of his wrongs at his heart, had wandered through the world, seeking to secure the means of vengeance, and presented himself to his countrymen when these were ripe. The difficulty, however, was to appear in a character of sufficient authority to rouse the oppressed Christians to instant and unanimous action; and for this purpose, he has called in the aid of religious deception, as helping him to the only motive strong enough to insure the political redress to which his life is devoted. A tradition had been preserved among his people, that their Khalif, who perished long ago "on red Mokattam's brow," was, in the day of their extreme need, to reappear in the flesh, and lead them back in triumph to their ancient home, beside the hill of Cedars. The island Druses had, accordingly, like the Jews, been long looking out for a promised Messiah, when Djabal presented himself amongst them as the returned Hakeem,—veiled in the flesh, to work out their deliverance, and when the blow which was to free them from their tyrant should have been struck, to be transfigured before their eyes, and lead them back, in his divine character, to Lebanon. Our readers will see that these are powerful dramatic elements; and, in many respects, the author has used them with great poetical skill. The interest and action are, of course, complicated by the introduction of other characters and episodes,—the principal of which are the heroine Anael,—and the love betwixt her and Djabal. Anael, who had been secreted by her brother, Khalil, from the licentious pursuit of the Knight-Prefect, in the abode where Djabal found them when seeking partisans amongst the islanders,—had made a vow, in the spirit of a Grecian maiden, to love "only one who should revenge the Druses;" and Djabal, coming to her at once an avenger and almost a god, had both fulfilled its condition and dazzled her with his assumed glory. Out of this double character in which he wooed her, the author has extracted a means of interest finely conceived,—but not quite so finely managed. In Djabal's heart, a fear springs up, that Anael's love is rather for the Hakeem than for the wandering sheikh, and that the knowledge of his imposture would change it to contempt: and his nature is shaken between the struggle of a generous impulse to confess to her his secret, and the fear of ruining the conspiracy by its betrayal. On the other hand, the heart of Anael has had certain revelations, which lead her to fear that she loves the man more than the Khalif—that the bright transformation to which he is destined before her eyes is a change for the worse—and hence she is disturbed by an apprehension, that her love is not such a love as he expects, and she ought to entertain for a prophet. It must be confessed that the means by which she arrives at this secret of her nature are of a rather questionable description, and our author has not been poetically felicitous in their adoption. There is a

certain Christian knight, a model of chivalry, who has fallen in Anael's way; and she, in analyzing her feelings, finds that Loys de Dreux makes an impression upon her so nearly similar to that which, barring his spiritual character, Djabal creates, that her mind is reduced to a state of great uncertainty and disturbance. Certainly, although this desecration of his heroine, we believe, is not exactly what the author intends, he has so managed this portion of his scheme, that there is more than one scene in which she seems greatly at a loss to know which of the candidates for her favour she prefers, and so, consequently, is the reader, as to which she is likely finally to choose. The following passage will at once describe, in the author's own language, this rather complicated condition of things, and give a good specimen of the poetry of his drama:—

*Enter ANAEL and MAANI, who is assisting to array her in the ancient dress of the Druses.*

*An.* Those saffron-vestures of the tabret-girls! Comes Djabal, think you?

*Maani.* Doubtless Djabal comes.

*An.* Dost thou snow-swathe thee kingly, Lebanon, Than in my dreams?—Nay, all the tresses off My forehead—look I lovely so? He says That I am lovely.

*Maani.* Lovely! nay that hangs

*Awry.*

*An.* You tell me how a khandjar hangs! The sharp side, thus, along the heart, seek marks The maiden of our class. Are you content For Djabal as for me?

*Maani.* Content, my child.

*An.* Oh, mother, tell me more of him. He comes Even now—tell me, fill up my soul with him!

*Maani.* And did I not... yes, surely... tell you all? *An.* What will be changed in Djabal when the change Arrives? Which feature? Not his eyes!

*Maani.* 'Tis writ, Our Khalif's eyes rolled fire and clove the dark Superbly.

*An.* Not his eyes! His voice perhaps? Yet that's no change; for a grave current lived—Grandly beneath the surface ever lived, That, scattering, broke as in live silver spray While... ah, the bliss... he would discourse to me In that enforced, still fashion, word on word! 'Tis the old current that must swell thro' that! For what least tone, Maani, could I lose? 'Tis surely not his voice will change?

*Maani.* If Hakeem Only stood by! If Djabal, somehow, passed Out of the radiance as from out a robe; Possessed, but was not it!

*An.* He lived with you?

*Maani.* Well—and that morning Djabal saw me first And heard my vow never to wed but one Who saved my people first—that day... proceed!

*An.* Once more, then: from the time of his return In secret, changed so since he left the Isle That I, who screened our Emir's last of sons, This Djabal, from the Prefect's massacre

—Who bade him ne'er forget the child he was,—Who dreamed so long the youth he had become—I knew not in the man that child; the man Who spoke alone of hopes to save our tribe,

How he had gone from land to land to save Our tribe—slices were sure, nor foes to dread; And much he mused, days, nights, alone he mused; But never till that day when, pale and worn, As by a persevering woe, he cried,

"Is there not one Druse left me?"—and I showed The way to Khalil's and your hiding-place From the abhorred eye of the Prefect here.

So that he saw you, heard you speak—all then, Never did he announce—(how the moon seemed To ope and shut the while above us both!)

His mission was the mission promised us—The cycle had revolved—all things renewing, He was lost Hakeem clothed in flesh to lead His children home anon, now veiled to work Great purposes—the Druses now would change.

*An.* And they have changed! And obstacles did sink, And furtherances rose! And around his form Played fire, and music beat her angel wings!

My people, let me more rejoice, oh, more For you than for myself! Did I but watch Afar the pageant, feel the Khalif pass,

One of the throng, how proud were I—tho' ne'er Singled by Djabal's glance! But to be chosen His own from all, the most his own of all,

To be exalted with him, side by side, Lead the exulting Druses, meet... ah, how Worthily meet the maidens who have watched Ever beneath the cedars—how deserve

This honour in their eyes? So bright are they That saffron-vestured sound the tabrets there—The girls who throng there in my dreams! One hour And all is over: how shall I do aught That may deserve next hour's exalting?—How?—

*(Suddenly to Maani.)*

Mother, I am not worthy him! I read it Still in his eyes! He stands as if to tell me I am not, yet forbears! Why else revert To one theme ever?—how more human gifts



suffice him in myself—whose worship fades,  
 Whose awe goes off ever at his approach,  
 As now, that as he comes . . .  
 [As Djabal enters.] Oh, why is it  
 I cannot kneel to you?

Rather 'tis I  
 Should kneel to you, my Anael!

An. Even so!  
 For never seem you . . . shall I speak the truth? . . .  
 Never a God to me! 'Tis the Man's hand,  
 Eye, voice! Oh, do you veil these to our people,  
 Or but to me? Then, let me think, to them!  
 And brightness in their veil, shadow—my truth!  
 You mean that I should never kneel to you  
 —So I will kneel!

Dja. [Preventing her.] No—no! [Feeling the khandjar as  
 he raises her.]

Ha, have you chosen . . .  
 An. The khandjar with our ancient garb. But, Djabal,  
 Change not, be not exalted yet—give time  
 That I may plan more, perfect more. My blood  
 Beats—beats!

O must I then—since Loys leaves us  
 Never to come again, renew in me  
 Those doubts so near effaced already—must  
 I needs confess them now to Djabal?—Own  
 That when I Loys saw and Loys heard,  
 My faith fell, and the wonderful thought flashed first  
 That each effect of Djabal's presence, taken  
 For proof of more than human attributes  
 In him by me whose heart at his approach  
 Beat fast, whose brain while he was by swam round,  
 Whose soul at his departure died away,  
 —That every such effect might have been wrought  
 In others' frames, tho' not in mine, by Loys  
 Or any merely mortal presence? Doubt  
 Is fading fast; shall I reveal it now?  
 And yet to be rewarded presently  
 With doubt unexpected, undisclosed!

Dja. [Aside.] Avow the truth? I cannot! In what words  
 Avow that all she loves in me is false?  
 —Which yet has served that flower-like love of hers  
 To climb by, like the clinging gourd, and clasp  
 With its divinest wealth of leaf and bloom:  
 Could I take down the prop-work, in itself  
 So vile, yet interlaced and overlaid  
 With painted cups and fruitage—might these still  
 Back in the sun, unconscious their own strength  
 Of matted stalk and tendril had replaced  
 The old support thus silently withdrawn!  
 But no; the beauteous fabric crushes too,  
 'Tis not for my sake but for Anael's sake  
 I leave her soul this Hakeem where it leans!  
 And yet—a thought comes: here my work is done  
 At every point; the Druses must return—  
 'Tis pledged to that: 'tis for myself  
 I stay now, not for them—to stay or spare  
 The Prefect who imports it save myself?  
 What would his death be but my own reward?  
 Then, mine I will forego. It is foregone!  
 Let him escape with all my House's blood!  
 Ere he can land I will have disappeared,  
 And Hakeem, Anael loved, shall, fresh as first,  
 Live in her memory, keeping her sublime  
 Above the world. She cannot touch that world  
 By ever knowing what I truly am,  
 Since Loys,—of mankind the only one  
 Able to link my present with my past,  
 That life in Europe with this Island life,  
 Thence able to unmask me,—I've disposed  
 Safely at last at Rhodes.—

From this point of the drama, the author's intentions are not quite clear. Impelled, as it would seem, by a wish to prove her faith in Djabal's mission, and do something in testimony of her attachment to his supernatural character, Anael with her own hand stabs the Prefect—a portion of the plot which the pretending Khalif had reserved for himself. Djabal finds her with the blood upon her hand; and then, in the excitement of the moment, comes a confession of his imposture. Then we have Anael's struggle between the sense of his degradation and the joy of his restoration to the level of her woman's heart; and, urging him to make confession to the people on whom he has imposed, she offers to share his shame. Djabal, however, refuses to abandon his deception till its object shall have been achieved; and Anael, therefore, denounces his fraud,—with what object we can only conjecture from what follows. Called upon by his own adherents to show his power upon the unknown blasphemer of that power, he is confronted with Anael, who is brought in veiled: and who, on the veil being removed, hails him, before them all, as HAKEEM, and falls dead! Why, or by what instrument, she dies, is no way explained. The presumption seems to be, that her denunciation had been made with the view of confirming his authority, by seeming, afterwards, to perish before his eyes, the victim of her own

sacrilege,—and that she had previously secured the means of her unexplained death. If this be not the author's meaning, we have no clue to what is. If it be, the catastrophe is managed in a manner bungling and obscure,—and might readily be mended. The end of all is, that Djabal, retaining his character of Hakeem, thus awfully confirmed, but announcing his mission as ended, delegates the "leading home" to Khalil, under the escort of the good Knight Loys, and the protection of the Venetians; and, advancing at their head a few steps, on the way back to the Cedars, falls dead before their eyes,—supposed, of course, to have fulfilled the tradition, and returned to his slumber of ages!

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Windsor Castle: an Historical Romance*, by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols.—Master Page's question—

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn? may be fairly addressed to Mr. Ainsworth, by all who grieve to see the history, the historic sites, and the traditions of "merry England," that is, of old England, manufactured into tawdry pictures for the million. When Mr. Ainsworth establishes himself in a new position, he seems to take an inventory of all its features with as methodical an accuracy as if he were one of Sir Phoenix Clearacre's guild, that he may subsequently dwell on its beauties and mysteries with the flourish usually preceding the knock-down of the hammer. The personages of History are used as a make-weight. Who could believe that, in a romance of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn—Queen Katharine and Wolsey—Surrey and the fair Geraldine—these august personages could be shuffled in and out as unceremoniously as if they were mere "Jacks and Gills"? Yet it is so. The bluff "wife compeller" here figures as a "fantastical duke of dark corners," who prowls about the lofts and garrets of the castle, and goes out with a pack of hounds to track the demon of the forest; while Queen Katharine (*Shakespeare's* Queen Katharine!) distinguishes herself by scoldings as vehement, and imprecations as melodramatic, as those which a Mistress Sheppard might launch against Mister Wild! poor Anne Boleyn and Wolsey receiving no worthier treatment. The real hero of the romance is Herne the hunter—a wondrous ghost, concocted of Mephistopheles and Spalatro, Caliban and Dick Turpin, who sticks at nothing, especially when set on horseback, delivers himself in good English, and leaves us at last, as he found us—gaped with weariness, not wonder. In brief, this is one of the worst of Mr. Ainsworth's books—the construction of the tale being looser than usual, and the dialogue less life-like. The progress—we should say *gallop*—of the story is needlessly interrupted in the second volume, by a matter-of-fact sketch of the rise and progress of Windsor Castle, which, if anywhere, should have been given in a preface or appendix.

*The Stranger in India*, by G. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols.—contains much useful information for persons who are about to visit Bengal. The author is an Advocate of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, and has therefore been able to communicate clearer accounts of the administration of justice than those published by unprofessional writers. His descriptions of "things" may be safely received as accurate, but his accounts of "men" must be taken with large allowances for the prejudices of position and political partialities.

*Egypt and the Holy Land in 1842*, by W. D. Stent, B.A.—Written in a slovenly style, quite unworthy of an Oxford student, and printed in a slovenly manner, being disfigured by the most absurd misprints. The work may, however, be of some use as a guide-book, for it records the prices charged for the various kinds of conveyance; the accommodations provided at hotels, and their cost; directions respecting passports, and several other particulars practically useful to travellers.

*An Inaugural Lecture on Botany*, by E. Forbes, F.L.S.—This lecture was delivered by Prof. Forbes at King's College, London, and forms the first of his course as Professor of Botany in that Institution, to which office he has recently been elected. It is an interesting introduction to that most interesting science, treating it however less as an independent study than

as a branch of medical education. On this subject—the combining scientific with professional knowledge—Prof. Forbes well observes—"A time was when an acquaintance with the purely practical parts of their profession was all too many practitioners thought it necessary to acquire. This degrading idea was favoured by the non-professional public, and to gain a prominent position in literature or sciences was too often to close the gates of professional success. But that time is either gone by or is fast waning away. That profession, the investigations of which involve some of the deepest problems in human philosophy, must become more and more scientific every day. \* \* One great evil which has tended to retard the intellectual advancement of the medical student, especially in this great city, has been the separation of his studies from all association with the pursuits of the scholar and the philosopher. The air of a hospital is mentally unwholesome, unless mingled with a full proportion of collegiate atmosphere. The very neighbourhood of literary and scientific studies has a purifying and elevating effect on the mind of the student. In eastern cities men are grouped into castes, each confined to one occupation and inhabiting one quarter. Civilization is thereby impeded: men's minds become narrowed into mechanical modes of thinking, and, in the end, the whole nation suffers. Is there not something of the same kind in exclusive professional education?—a contraction of the mind, from its association during the most active and impressive phase of its earthly existence with such minds only as are absorbed in similar pursuits? Shut out from the spirit of letters, of science and of art, exclusively occupied with one set of thoughts and practices, the man sinks into the drudge."

*Protestant Non-Conformity*, by R. Vaughan, D.D.—An Inaugural Discourse, delivered at the opening of the Lancashire Independent College. It contains a spirited review of Non-Conformist principles and writers, and an exhortation to the class of Dissenters to whom Dr. Vaughan belongs, to educate their ministers as much as lies in their power. The lecture is ably and temperately written.

*Thoughts on the Mental Functions*, Part I.—An attempt is made to treat metaphysics as a branch of physiology. According to the author, all mental phenomena are the results of nervous action of different kinds.

*The British and Foreign Traveller's Guide* is a directory to every part of the kingdom, comprising the time of starting and the fares of the railway trains and steam-boats of Great Britain, as also of the Continental steamers and railways, the value of foreign coins, mode of obtaining passports, and other useful information. It is announced that the work will be revised and corrected every month; and if this be observed, it will be a most useful publication.

*List of New Books*—Fifty and Intellect relatively Estimated, by Henry Edwards, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—A Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, in Twelve Discourses, to which are added several Sermons, by Rev. Robert Hall, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Adam's Select Lessons (a translation of *Lectures Selectæ*), 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Parochial Sermons, by Rev. J. Garbrett, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Jebb on the Choral Service of the Church, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Female Missionaries, in India, by Mrs. Weitbrecht, 18mo. 2s. cl.—South Indian Sketches, Part II., "Tinnevely and Travancore," 8vo. 4s. cl.—A Course of Sermons addressed to his Parishioners, by the Rev. Thomas Knowles, B.A., 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Rector's Note Book, by Mrs. Jane K. Stanford, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Neale's (Rev. J. M.) Ayton Priory, or the Restored Monastery, 8vo. 4s. cl.—The Book of British Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, with 230 wood engravings, small 4to. 21s. cl. 81c.—Rev. J. Perkins's Residence in Persia among the Nestorians, 27 plates, royal 8vo. 18s. cl.—Reminiscences of Syria, by Lieut. Colonel Napier, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Abbott's Journey from Herat to Khiva, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Nelsonian Reminiscences, by Lieut. Parsons, p. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Poles in the Seventeenth Century, by Count Henry Krasinski, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Hand-Book of the Language of Flowers, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 4d.—Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon, Vol. III., 8vo. 7s. cl.—The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, by Rev. Alexander Dyce, to be completed in 11 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. to III., 12s. each, cl.—The Circassian Chief, a Romance of Russia, by W. H. G. Kingston, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—The Culture of the Grape Vine in Australia and New Zealand, by G. Sutter, post 8vo. 6s. cl.—Suggestions for the Improvement of our Towns and Houses, by T. J. Maslen, Esq., 8vo. 7s. cl.—Morton on the Nature and Property of Soils, 4th edit. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Tales of the Town, by the Rev. H. W. Bellairs, 8vo. 5s. cl.—The Merchant and Trader's Profit Book, by John Haig, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Brown's Elements of Fossil Conchology, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Letters from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, Vols. I. and II., 8vo. 28s. cl.

## ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

It is a life of domestic affection, exertion, and self-sacrifice under privation,—if intellectual cultivation achieved under every possible discouragement, claim respect, then Scotland has lost one of her Worthies in Alexander Bethune, who died in Fifeshire, on the 14th instant, scarcely four years after his brother John Bethune. The life of the latter, written by Alexander,—of its kind among the most remarkable biographies extant,—was noticed at length in the *Athenæum* (No. 678), but we must refer to it now, as containing also some account of the deceased. From this record, we must remind the reader that Alexander Bethune belonged to that humbler class of the Scottish peasantry who gain their livelihood by daily labour. Not strong by Nature, he was further severely injured twice by the explosion of gunpowder while working as a quarryman;—his family was not prosperous, and his parents became a charge upon him (it were sin against such virtue to call it a burden): and among the other duties accomplished by the brothers, after their daily twelve hours of heavy toil, not the least eminent was their building a house, out of the small pittance which the uttermost frugality could reserve from their wages, for their aged father and mother. And yet, in the midst of this incessant labour and privation, Alexander Bethune, like his brother, contrived to nourish and to mature literary habits,—not merely to murmur remembered verses, but to weave them for himself in the momentary intervals of repose and meditation his day's labour permitted,—not merely to study the biographies and legends of his own country, but to imagine, also, and to record, in a style which bore no traces of the hard hand and the scanty schooling of the peasant. So often as what may be called the rural literature of Great Britain shall be collected, his 'Tales and Sketches' (see *Athen.* No. 536), but, above all, the biography to which we have referred, must claim a prominent place. But Alexander Bethune's literary attainments, in one so scantily privileged by Fortune, were less remarkable than the resolution by which they were accompanied. A proof of this has been laid before us, since his decease, which must be recorded, to the honour of humanity.

It appears that on the publication of the Life of his brother, a few individuals were thereby sufficiently interested for the writer, to be anxious to see his fortunes improved, and a small sum of money was anonymously conveyed to Bethune, through the agency of his publishers, to be applied as he might deem best. This was immediately returned, with a letter, to the mediating parties, from which the following is an extract. The letter was written immediately after Bethune's protracted death-bed attendance on his mother, during which it is fair to conclude that all his resources had been exhausted. It should be added, too, that even when he conceived himself to be thriving, the Poet's personal habits were thrifty and self-denying, to the point which ninety-nine English operatives out of the hundred would have rated as starvation:—

"As I am not in want, and as all those for whom I had all along been more anxious than for myself are now gone, I do think I should be doing wrong in appropriating to myself those funds which may be made to do the work of benevolence elsewhere. It is not pride which makes me decline accepting the gift so generously and delicately tendered; but, upon principle, I consider it a duty in every man, so far as Providence may enable him, to provide for his own wants; and I have always felt a sort of pleasure in the consciousness of being able to keep my wants within my means of supplying them, however limited these might be. I do not trust to literature, moreover, but to the labours of my hands, for my support; and therefore I cannot be subjected to those vicissitudes which literary men so often experience. With an ordinary share of health, the task of supplying myself with the necessities of life, will be a light one: and if spared for a few years, I may even provide a small fund for sickness or accidents. For these reasons I would still beg you to forward the letter. \* \* I must say, also, that though I had not the slightest hankering after the money, yet, from an idea of the disappointment which it might occasion, it was only by a painful effort that I could bring myself to write the letter in which I declined accepting it. \* \* I would humbly beg to suggest, that the money may be

bestowed upon literary men who have no other means of earning their bread, and who, in the absence of literary rewards, might be reduced to a state bordering on starvation."

The money was placed in a bank, to Alexander Bethune's credit, in the hope that time might induce him to change his determination. But there it remained, untouched, even during the gradual and exhausting illness which brought the Peasant Poet to his grave. Only a few days before his decease, he was earnest with his executor that the few pounds collected for his use should be returned to the donors; his own hopes and wishes being fulfilled, inasmuch as he had saved sufficient from his scanty earnings to provide for the expenses of his illness and his funeral. Assuredly such patient and high-principled virtue ought not to be forgotten!

## MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. John Murray—the John Murray of Lord Byron and of the literature of the last five and thirty years—died on Tuesday last, the 27th, at his house in Albemarle Street, after a very short illness. His death was occasioned by general debility and exhaustion, but he had rallied so often, that no fears were entertained by his family or his physicians till Monday morning, when all hope was at an end.

His father was a bookseller of good circumstances and repute in Fleet Street, where John, the only son of a second marriage, was born, on the 22nd of November, 1778. Old Mr. Murray was the successor in trade (by purchase, we believe) of W. Sandby, for we read, in an advertisement of the year 1765, that "Mr. Sandby's customers continue to be served with the same care as usual; and they and all other gentlemen in town or country who shall be pleased to favour J. Murray with their commands, may depend on having their commissions executed by him in the speediest and best manner." 'Langhorne's Plutarch,' 'Dalrymple's Annals,' and 'Mitford's Greece,' are three of old Mr. Murray's surviving publications. The poet Falconer was his intimate friend, and was to have entered into partnership with him on his return from a voyage in the *Aurora* frigate, the vessel in which poor Falconer was lost. A ship figures in full sail on the bill-heads of all Mr. Murray's old accounts. He had been originally in the Marines, which may account for his bookselling sign, and his friendship with Falconer.

Mr. Murray's father died in 1793, when John was in his fifteenth year, an age too young to conduct the business unaided. He was, however, assisted by Mr. Samuel Highley, the assistant and shopman of old Mr. Murray, and the father of the present Mr. Highley, the bookseller, of Fleet Street. When Mr. Murray was of age, he entered into partnership with Highley, but this was not of long continuance, as the deed of separation is dated 25th March, 1803. They drew lots for the house, and Murray had the good fortune to remain at No. 32; Highley setting up for himself at No. 24, and taking away with him, by agreement, the large medical connexion of the firm, a connexion enjoyed by his son to this day.

Mr. Murray now started on his own account, and began a career of publication unrivalled in the history of letters. D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' and Strutt's 'Queen's Hall' were among his first publications. In 1807 he added 'The Art of Cookery,' by Mrs. Rundell, to his list, in 1809 the *Quarterly Review*, and in 1811 'Childe Harold.' His name was now known beyond the sound of St. Dunstan's clock; all feared and read the *Quarterly Review*, all read and admired Lord Byron. The *Quarterly* was a work suggested by himself to counterbalance the effects of the *Edinburgh Review* (his letter to Canning on the subject is still in existence); and 'Childe Harold' was a poem of his own seeking, for he had been one of the first to foresee the budding genius of Lord Byron. He was a proud man, we have heard him say, when Dallas put the MS. of 'Childe Harold' into his hands. He had been a poet's publisher before, for he had a share in 'Marmion.'

In 1806 he married a Miss Elliot, the daughter of Mr. Elliot, the bookseller in Edinburgh; and in 1812 he bought the stock-in-trade, the good-will and house of Miller, removing at the same time from No. 32, Fleet Street, to the well-known No. 50, in Albemarle Street. His enterprising spirit

was at all times remarkable, and from this period his career was one of triumph. The list of authors for whom he published embraces the whole catalogue of eminent men, and a bare list of his publications would make a volume of itself. He was the friend of almost all the distinguished characters of his age, in art, literature, and science. The readers of Lord Byron's Life will recollect the friendly tone in which he writes to Mr. Murray; and the reader of Lord Byron's works will remember, with pleasure, the exquisite rhyming letter of excuse, which the poet wrote in the name of his publisher, to Dr. Polidori, politely declining the proposed publication of his play. Nor can they have forgotten the many bagatelles in verse which the poet addressed to his enterprising friend, "the *ava* of publishers," as he calls him "and the Anak of stationers."

Mr. Murray's career as a publisher is one continued history of princely payments. His copyrights were secured at the most extravagant prices—for he never higgled about the sum if he wanted the work. To call him the—

Strachan, Tonson, Lintot of the times—is awarding him but a portion of his praise. Contrast his liberal dealings with Lord Byron, with old Jacob Tonson's hard bargains with John Dryden, John Murray's hard cash with Jacob's clipped coin. But he did more very often than abide by his agreement. To Campbell he doubled the price agreed upon for his 'Specimens of the Poets,' by paying the stipulated 500*l.* and adding 500*l.* more. He gave 50*l.* per volume additional to Allan Cunningham for his 'Lives of the British Artists,' and made the payment retrospective. Another anecdote of his liberality of spirit we shall allow him to relate in his own words.

## To Sir Walter Scott.

Albemarle Street, June 8, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of *Marmion*. I have already been applied to, by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honour of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

"But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful for me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

"This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favour to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."

Five hundred anecdotes of the great spirits of his time have died with Mr. Murray—enough to make a second Spence, or another Boswell. His conversation was always entertaining, for he had a quiet vein of humour that gave his stories a palatable flavour, adding largely to their excellence, without destroying the race of their originality. His little back parlour, in Albemarle Street, was a sort of Will's, or Button's: his "four-o'clock visitors" embracing the men of wit and repute in London. Few men distinguished in literature, in art, or in science, but have partaken of the hospitalities of Mr. Murray's table. If Tonson had a gallery of portraits,

With here a Garth and there an Addison, so had Mr. Murray; but Tonson's Kit-Kat Club pictures were all presents—Mr. Murray's kit-kats were all commissions; commissions to men like Lawrence, Phillips, Hopper, Newton, Pickersgill, and Wilkie; and portraits, too, of Byron and Scott, Moore and Campbell, Southey and Gifford, Hallam and Lockhart, Washington Irving and Mrs. Somerville—a little gallery in itself of British genius. Scott and Byron were made personally known to one another through the friendly mediation of Murray, as were Southey and Crabbe, and Scott and Wilkie.

Mr. Murray let few good things, in literature, escape him, and his two last works, the *Journals of Lieut. Eyre*, and *Lady Sale*, were each, in the language of



the trade, a lucky hit. He might have had, it is true, 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' and he made a mistake with 'The Rejected Addresses.' "I could have had 'The Rejected Addresses' for ten pounds," he said to the writer of this notice, "but I let them go by as the kite of the moment. See the result! I was determined to pay for my neglect, and I bought the remainder of the copyright for 150 guineas." His daily paper was another mistake, for which he paid in a more serious and lasting way. But then he had the 'Navy List' and other publications, thus referred to by Lord Byron:—

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine  
The works thou dearest most divine,  
The 'Art of Cookery' and mine,

My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist  
And sermons to thy mill bring grist,  
And then thou hast 'The Navy List,'

My Murray.

He said once, to the present writer: "Lord Byron used to come to my shop in Fleet Street, fresh from Angelo's and Jackson's. His great amusement was making thrusts with his stick, in fencer's fashion, at the spruce books, as he called them, which I had arranged upon my shelves. He disordered a row for me in a short time, always hitting the volume he had singled out for the exercise of his skill." He added, with a laugh, "I was sometimes, as you will guess, glad to get rid of him."

Let us illustrate his sagacity in business, by an anecdote which will be new to many of our readers. Constable published a little 'History of England' in one small volume, which, as it were, fell still-born from the press. Murray perceived its merits, bought Constable's share, and baptized his little purchase by the name of 'Mrs. Markham's History of England,' a name it still enjoys. The work flourished in his hands, and is, to this day, realizing a large annual profit.

Mr. Murray has left a widow, three daughters, and a son, the Editor of the Continental Handbooks, a series of publications widely and deservedly popular. For seventy-eight years two John Murrys have been connected, in an eminent degree, with all that is useful and elegant in literature; we have now a third John Murray, to whom we wish all the success he so well merits.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The prizes for the Cartoons have been adjudged, and the following is, we believe, a correct account of the fortunate artists, and of the subjects of their drawings:—

##### Prizes of 300l.

Armitage. Landing of Julius Cæsar.  
Watts. Caractacus at Rome.  
Cope. The First Trial by Jury.

##### Prizes of 200l.

Horsley. St. Augustine preaching before Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen.  
Bell. Queen Margaret taking sanctuary at Westminster.  
Townsend. The Fight for the Beacon.

##### Prizes of 100l.

Parris. Joseph of Arimathea.  
Severn. King Edward and Queen Eleanor.  
Bridges. Alfred presenting his Code of Laws to the Witan.  
Frost. A man surprised by the Fauna and Satyr.  
Selous. Boadicea.

We may also mention, in connexion, the rumour which has reached us, that Messrs. Longman are making arrangements for an early publication of the successful Cartoons on such a scale and in such a character as will ensure justice being done to the original drawings. The prizes for the Cartoons having been adjudged, the private view to the privileged will take place this day, and the exhibition to the public will open on Monday next. During the first fortnight, the tide of the public curiosity is to be judiciously stemmed by the charge of one shilling, the money so received to be applied to the promotion of the Fine Arts, in some way to be hereafter determined on:—and in and after the third week, the public view will be gratis, with the exception of a few hours on the Saturday in each week, reserved at the price of a shilling, for those who may desire more room and freedom for their examination. Of this exhibition, and the report which it makes of the national resources in the art which it illustrates, we shall have something to say hereafter:—meantime it is worthy of remark, that no Academician has carried off a prize from this contest; and that the victors

are all men comparatively little known,—a fact pregnant with observations, which go to the very foundations on which, in all probability, a great English School is to be built up. We must also, in justice to all parties, acknowledge that no Competition could have been conducted with a more earnest desire to give fair play to all, and to ensure justice: every step, in the proceedings of the Committee, appears to have been well considered.

While on the subject of Commissions and Competitions, we may as well, once again, advert to the extraordinary do-nothing policy of the parties engaged on the "West-End Wellington Memorial." We have more than once expressed our astonishment at the delay in completing this monument; but shall wonder no more, now that we have learned, incidentally, from a correspondent of the *Times*, that the committee "agreed with Mr. Wyatt," not for a specific sum, but "that he should take in payment the whole amount of the subscription, whatever it might be!" This statement has called forth an explanation, which is equally curious and instructive. It appears that the subscribers to the *City Memorial* believed, and acted on the belief, that it was really intended to erect a monument in honour of the Duke of Wellington, and that they had, therefore, a right to select the artist. Not so—the name and fame of the Duke were, it appears, mere *ad cop.* plausibilities, the object being to give employment to Mr. Wyatt. The project, we are told, originated in admiration of, not the illustrious Duke, but the pig-tail absurdity at Charing Cross; originated with persons "who happened to admire the statue of George the Third"—and the resolution of the Committee which gave the commission and the subscription, "close upon 10,000*l.*" to Sir Francis Chantrey, is characterized as "a disgraceful job!" In this "disgraceful job," it is admitted, originated (again, he it observed, not in admiration of the illustrious Duke) the idea of a *West-End Memorial*: and respecting the enormous amount of money collected for the latter, we have further explanations and of equal interest. The amount of the subscription, as announced in 1841, was 25,300*l.*! and, as from that hour to the present, the cry of "the daughter of the horse-leech," "give, give," has never ceased, it is assumed that it must now have reached, in round numbers, somewhere about 30,000*l.*! But—and here is the mystery, and we suspect much of the history of these subscriptions—what Mr. Wyatt has received is not known; he is, it is true, by the conditions of the bond, to receive "the whole," but there are great deductions to be made from the amount advertised. What are they? the reader may naturally ask—"the sums subscribed, but not received." Ah, true, we have heard of these odd sort of defalcations before! But what is the Committee about? Why does not the secretary make a formal application to every man whose name has been published as a subscriber? It might then appear that, by some of those strange accidents to which public subscriptions are liable, money has been paid which has not been received. Another deduction, it appears, must be made for "the heavy expense of advertising and other weighty charges." This is a very comprehensive phrase—and we should like to know what it means. But what does the reader suppose is the probable—what is the possible amount of these deductions? The contributions for the Wyatt Testimonial have been assumed at 30,000*l.*, but we are now told that "the nearest amount in thousands" to what Mr. Wyatt has received, is 19,000*l.* or 20,000*l.*! Incredible! What, from 10,000*l.* to 11,000*l.* to be deducted for "sums subscribed, but not received," for "advertisements and other charges"! Impossible and absurd! If this statement be persevered in, the Committee—at least the "high, and noble, and honourable" gentlemen on the Committee, must for their own honour's sake, insist that the whole of the accounts shall be thoroughly examined by some clear-headed city accountant, and an explanatory statement published. No wonder, if Mr. Wyatt submits to such commissions, or omissions, or payments, or defalcations, that there are so many persons who "happen to admire" his works, or that he obtains so many of these subscription commissions.

We glean from the foreign journals that Petrarch's tomb at Arqua has just been restored by the care of Count Leoni. In the course of the works, the remains of the great poet were uncovered, and part of

the body was found almost untouched by time. A fragment of cloth in which he was enveloped was taken away, and will be solemnly deposited in the parish church.—M. Triqueti has nearly completed the funeral monument of the lamented Duke of Orleans. The kneeling angel at the pillow of the dying Prince is from a sketch by the Princess Mary, and is said to be worthy of her Joan of Arc. In a few days the monument is to be removed to Sablonville, where workmen are finishing the pedestal that is to support it.

A marble bust of Hampden, from the chisel of Mr. Smith, presented, by Sir Henry Austen, to the Reform Club, in Pall Mall, was placed in the corridor, on the first floor of that institution, on the anniversary of the day on which the patriot died.

It is mentioned in the *Cork Examiner* that a letter has been received from the Hon. J. Anson, Private Secretary to Prince Albert, which holds out a hope that his Royal Highness will accept the invitation to attend the meeting of the British Association, to be held in Cork, in August next.

The French papers announce, that M. Thiers is about to visit England for the purpose of procuring information respecting the maritime wars of the empire.

A letter in the Prussian *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives some further particulars, though not of so late a date as our own letters, of the proceedings of Dr. Lepsius and his party. The writer speaks of the Colossus of Rhames-Soestris as one of the noblest specimens of Egyptian sculpture. "The outlines of the face are in good preservation, and so beautiful in execution and finish, as to fill us with regret at the thought of the ruin which has deprived us of so much in this neighbourhood. Not far distant are the fragments of another colossus of equal size (34 feet), together with a few small granite figures and other remains. This evidently points out the neighbourhood of the Temple of Phtha (Vulcan), almost the largest temple of ancient Egypt. Alas, that this should be all that remains to us of Memphis! We could not excavate here; the nature of the soil, and the buildings which in many places covered it, prevented us. Our field of labour is the desert. On the borders of this desert a magnificent scene presented itself. In the rocks behind us are vast graves, and among them one full of interest, with several chambers, its roof bedizened with stars, its walls covered with hieroglyphics, belonging to the times of Psammethichus. The subterranean graves alone are preserved to us: of the buildings above scarcely a trace remains. Many pyramids are almost level with the earth. How different a sight from the time when Strabo saw 'the eminence with many pyramids—the graves of kings.' Still the view is wonderful. To the N.E. on a high and steep rock stand the pyramids of Abu Roach, of which only the lower portions are preserved; a mile farther south are the three giants of Gizeh; a mile and a half beyond these the group of Abusis, of which three are noticeable; beyond them, and due east, the two sets of pyramids of Sakharā; a half mile farther the remarkable group of Dashour, two gigantic pyramids, in style like those of Gizeh, and in size not inferior to that of Mycerinus, and two others of equal interest built of tiles. Near the second group at Sakharā is a large oblong sepulchral building, 120 steps long and 30 broad, called by the natives Mortabat el Farahan, the throne of Pharaoh. Our discoveries will enable us to add considerably to Colonel Wyse's observations. The best built pyramids and tombs are the most ancient, according to Dr. Lepsius, who has lately busied himself with comparing their style of architecture. Many of the older memorials were long since plundered or destroyed, yet we have found mummies undisturbed in more than one grave whose date we must fix in the times of the pyramids. The contents of the tombs at Thebes are far finer than those here, which are chiefly wonderful from their antiquity."

Apart from the first night of 'Don Pasquale' and the concert of *M. Hallé*—of which more hereafter—there has been more musical promise than performance this week. Arrivals have not ceased: the latest is that of M. Ernst, whose coming enables the Londoners to boast that, at present, we entertain the three most renowned violinists in Europe. Monday, however, was a busy day. In the morning *Miss Henrietta Roedel* gave her concert, at which she presented

herself, for the first time, as a singer, on the strength of a voice promising because expressive, though its delivery was marred by timidity: she had formerly entitled herself to be credited with true musical feeling, by her pianoforte playing. In the evening *Mr. Stretton* took a musical benefit at Drury Lane, with the encouragement of a closely-packed audience. Rossini's 'Stabat,' too, was given at Her Majesty's Theatre. A *pasticcio* of themes from this fine work, calling itself an overture by Mercadante, was performed by way of prelude: the other novelties to be noted, were the charming singing of Mademoiselle Brambilla, who, like Rubini, has become an exquisite artist only since her vocal powers have failed her,—and the utter inefficiency of Signor Fornasari, in the tempting 'Pro peccatis'—hardly a trace of which was discernible in his version. Of the 'Inflammatus,' as sung by Madame Grisi, we have elsewhere spoken.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.  
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.  
Admission (from 8 o'clock till 7), 1s. Catalogue, 1s.  
HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

Will shortly Close.  
THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 53, PALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 till dusk, daily. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.  
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

Will be closed in a few days.  
EXHIBITION OF SIR GEORGE HAYTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, painted on 170 square feet of canvas, and containing portraits of all the Members of Parliament, also a portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and various other works, forming a collection of more than 800 portraits of eminent personages of the present day. Open from 10 till dusk. At the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission, 1s.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.  
JUST OPENED, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. RENOUX, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. BOUYON. Open from Ten till Five.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on this subject, illustrated by MODELS of several kinds, which elevate themselves by MECHANICAL FORCE alone, is delivered at Two o'clock daily, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Eight o'clock. The Exhibition of the COLOSSAL ELECTRICAL MACHINE, the DIVER, DIVING BELL, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, and the other varied and instructive Objects of the Institution, continue as usual. The original CRAYON DRAWINGS, from the CARTOONS at HAMPTON COURT, by the late Mr. Holloway, with numerous other WORKS of ART, have recently been placed in the Gallery.—Admission, One Shilling. Schools, Half-price. Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evening.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, Hyde Park-corner.—This UNIQUE COLLECTION consists of objects exclusively Chinese, and surpasses in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world. The SPACIOUS SALOON is 225 feet in length, and is crowded with rare and interesting specimens of virtue. The Collection embraces upwards of SIXTY FIGURES AS LARGE AS LIFE, portraits from nature, appropriately attired in their native costume. From the MANDARIN of the highest rank to the wandering Mendicant; also MANY THOUSAND SPECIMENS in Natural History and Miscellaneous Curiosities, the whole illustrating the appearance, manners, customs, and social life of more than THREE HUNDRED MILLION CHINESE.—Open from 10 till 10.—Admission 2s. 6d. Children under 12 years, 1s.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
TUES. Horticultural Society, 3 P.M.  
THUR. Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.  
FRI. Botanical Society, 8.

## FINE ARTS

### THE EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT MASTERS, PALL MALL.

[Concluding Notice.]

THESE NOW only remain for discussion the miscellaneous pictures by deceased modern painters, decorating the third saloon of the British Institution. This south room may be likened to the south hemisphere of the skies, which astronomers tell us is somewhat deficient in first-class stars; but it comprises several luminaries of other classes, from those that irradiate half the world, to those that emit just as much light as exhibits their own unimportance. The *minima sidera* far out-number the orbs of magnitude: pictures altogether insignificant have been contributed with a liberality quite oppressive, for the entertainment of the public, to whom a very small proportion of such lenten fare had proved more agreeable, and displayed more real kindness in whoever furnished out the feast. Third-rate works of third-rate British painters might perhaps be admitted now and then, to fill up odd nooks and crevices, but not almost half the saloon: no works, even *chef-d'œuvre*, of British or any daubers, should be admitted at all. Here we find seven *Boningtons*—neat ineptitudes, tasteful trivialities, and nothing beyond. Six *G. S. Newtons* merit a like equivocal praise: pretty little pieces of affection—bijoux for the boudoir, where they may cherish sentimentalism, so delightful to lovers of soft ottomans and emotions; or may, peradventure, breathe a new charm over that interesting sickness of mind

which our Rosa Matildas entitle "romance;" but in the present Exhibition, where prodigious gems shed purest, brightest lustre on every side, they fade into bits of coloured paste by comparison. We can understand why specimens equal to this artist's reputation should be difficult of discovery: why these, which discredit his fair fame, should alone be brought forward, passes our conception. Do no better ones exist? and if yes, are the precious things kept covered up in cotton and morocco cases, like ladies' trinkets, lest the breath of public applause should tarnish them? Here, too, we observe three works by *H. Thompson*, that, despite their ambitious character, and imposing dimensions, never obtained place among modern notabilities of the time; yet they now, in a turn of the sand-glass, figure as substitutes for ancient masterpieces! Death, we grant, is not always a leveller; he sometimes exalts those whom Life had bent low: Genius, whose very existence was disputed while it dwelt within a visible form, has afterwards risen from the grave, and reasserted and established amidst unanimous recognition, its claim to immortality. But it sometimes happens, also, that talent, after being neglected life-long by monopolizers of taste and *virtù* and Mæcenæ's mantle, after being trampled down, and its owner trodden into the earth by the common herd of rational animals, has its peaceful death-lumber disturbed, and a three-months' resurrection forced, *volens volens*, upon it, as full compensation for the patronage denied when it was useful and enjoyable. To have left these pictures enshrined within that dim exhibition room, the cave of oblivion, which they and numberless others so well adorn, had been, we think, more considerate towards their author,—certainly towards the public. A couple of tame "Sea-pieces," or pond pieces rather (if not taken from some very Pacific ocean indeed), by *Brooking*: another pair of unmomentous productions, *par ignobile*, though by the very clever artist *Liverseege*: a *Bird*, out of its proper element—*syllan life*: a *Constable*, too deep in its peculiar element—green-pea soup: a *Mortimer*, in no element at all: these, and other quasi-nothings, make poor *Wheatley's* scrap of pathos look attractive.—A Fisherman's Wife and Children alarmed at a Storm, No. 160. We might further swell this large account of littleness with two 'Boys' Heads,' mere sketches, and two early portraits, by *Lawrence*, conceding them, however, some merit, besides that the works of a celebrated man have an illustrative value extrinsic to their absolute claims.

Before we put off the black cap of criticism, let us pass judgment on the two foreign painters, *Herr Kolbauch* [*Kaulbach?*], and *Prof. Hesse* [*Hess?*]. Could we believe *Kaulbach*, after his long apprenticeship under *Cornelius*, capable of nothing better than the 'Monk's Head'—a most frigid piece of Frenchified sublime—we should sentence him to be burnt in the right hand, for such a flagrant sample of mal-practice; but it furnishes an isolated and no real test of his powers, which, we apprehend, are limited to fresco and encaustic. 'Christ blessing the Little Children,' by *Hess*, exhibits perhaps as choice a specimen of the very worst German workmanship as English prejudice against continental art would desire to see, or an English committee of taste could select to foster that noble feeling. Here we have a group of little bluish-coloured figures, like wax puppets flattened upon a hard panel, and apparently not produced touch by touch with a camel-hair brush, but their plastic materials spread out, slick and smooth, with a delicate spatula. This is somewhat different from *Leonardo's* "united style," which the Germans ape rather than imitate; nor even half so good as old *Taddeo Gaddi's*. It suggests the idea of painting in tinted birdlime, or a vehicle so viscous that the pencil trails all over the surface, without power to get free for successive strokes. The general bad effect may be imagined: it wants the fine lucid glow, yet has all the heaviness of encaustic. *Vice versa*, the composition looks piecemeal, and made out bit by bit, like a picture in *pietre cosesse*, whose separate marble details, well cut and polished first, are then fitted together. Shall we endeavour to help, with another simile, our agrarian reader's conception of this style, curious among us islanders, though not uncommon abroad? The painting resembles a design stamped upon nicely-prepared *kidskin*, and the blank space

\* *Heinrich Hess*, we conclude from its style, not *Peter*, who paints more humble subjects.

*gilt*; as if an imitation of the miracles, long ceased, wrought by antique leather-dressers. Now let us be candid about the merits, no less than we have been about the faults, of this performance; and let generous Britons not be only generous towards their own portrait-takers. Well then, maugre its venerated look, the composition has much beauty: a severe ordonnance we must acknowledge best suited to a Biblical theme, and gives it back what it inspires, a character of grave, august impressiveness. Rigid contours and frigid colours are seldom defensible, but most so when, as here, they would express that religion which eschews all "pomp and vanities;" imparting a chastened, purified, primitive spirit to the subject. Many of the forms have considerable elegance in their statuesque attitudes, and their very movements betray a quiet dignity. Some of the female faces, upon closer view, brighten into loveliness, by their sweet and gentle expression. Some of the masculine heads, also, deserve great praise. After all, perhaps English criticism, however convinced (against its will), may admire this picture as a kind of "fair Quaker," at best, whose spotless complexion and costume are its chief attraction: we think it has higher qualities. Professor *Hess*, let us add, is more a decorative artist than a genuine historic painter: his gallery and cabinet productions take subordinate rank. The *Allerheiligen Kirche*, or modern Byzantine Chapel, at Munich, is the real theatre where his talents have been exhibited:—

But for to tell the sumptuous array  
Of that great chamber should be labour lost,  
For living wit, I weene, cannot display  
The royal riches and exceeding cost  
Of every pillar and of every post.

A popular engraving from his easel-picture in the *Leuchtenberg Palace*—"Faith, Hope, and Charity"—gives too favourable an idea of its pretensions; the general sentiment retains its interest—the hardness, flatness, heaviness disappear. We should propound no paradox by the assertion that German painters ought never to paint their pictures; for their colouring is rather discolouring, and they blot out the beauty of their design with the ugliness of their pigments, or render it almost imperceptible. *Overbeck*, as we have said elsewhere, delights to steep his pencil in pea-green; *Bendemann* in water-blue; *Philip Veit* lets his luxuriate in muddled brown; while *Baron Cornelius* prefers an adust—we mean a brickdust—tone; and our amiable friend, *Professor Vogel*, of Dresden, a wannish yellow; *Schnorr* adopts a griminess which gives his *Nibelungen* master-pieces the sootiest complexion, by way of Giorgionesque "sfumatezza."† At Berlin, the Swedish Consul-General's collection of modern German cabinet pictures, unrivalled there, as well-informed Dr. Waagen told us, did not contain one sample attractive by sweet, or soft, or mellow, or transparent colouring—riches or splendour might better have been sought in so many jappanned tea-trays. All the harmony they exhibited was that of uniform dullness and chilliness throughout their tints, however chequered and varied the chromatic diapason; together with a most perfect accord between frigid hues, hard outlines, and meagre impasto. German artists, we are aware, have received as ill our protests against their colour, as English our fulminations against their draughtsmanship; those accuse us of bigotted patriotism, these of anti-national prejudices; neither observe how these antagonist charges neutralize each other:—

O prudent discipline! from north to south,  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth!

Verily we love Art itself a vast deal better than either German or English; yea, than Ancient Greek, or Middle-age Italian, and shall never spare our humble efforts to expose the errors of every school, if by such means we can promote the true catholic doctrine. Our digression upon this subject has arisen from a conjecture that *Hess* and *Kaulbach's* pictures will be made the ground for narrow-minded triumph over foreign painters and noxious laudation of our own; 'twere far wiser, as well as more liberal, if the latter acknowledged superior aims, at least, in their German brethren, and strove to accomplish such themselves by superior methods.

What a contrast between 'Christ blessing the Little Children' and the 'Trial of Queen Katharine'—*Harlow's* greatest performance! There, what reput-

† This very poetical thinker sent an oil-piece to the *Louvre Exposition* (see *Athen*, 1835) where we noticed as superlatively ill-painted, where such a palm was of difficult acquisition.



iveness at first sight; here, what immediate attractiveness! What an apparent feebleness opposed to striking effectiveness! How slowly that creeps upon your affections, and this loses them! Yet is this a wonderful production for so young a man, and quite miraculous for so exquisite a coxcomb. Rich texture, splendid colour, clever, off-hand mechanism, are its least merits. How skilful the general treatment; how admirable those heads, full of life and individuality; many amongst them finished with miniature truth, though with the broadest modelling! But, alas! what a want of elevated poetic spirit, and pure taste, and quiet power throughout! It is a flagrant show-scene. Nay, the fine subject from Henry the Eighth is degraded into—a multiple-portrait—a set of actors and actresses! Instead of these being raised, by proper idealization, to the level of the historical personages they represent, *vice versa*, Shakespeare's characters are brought down, by unmistakable particularities, to the level of green-room folk—Kemles, Terrys, Harrises, Conways, Stephensens, &c. &c.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

We shall say no more: to analyze the draughtsmanship were to dissect dolls, and when the grand principles of Art have found little attention from the painter, his details merit as little from the critic. A 'Portrait of Northcote' might serve Nature to reproduce him, had she lost the original mould—it surely resembled him, mind and body: this may not be the highest praise, but is so considered. Two other portraits here, likewise by Harlow, fall far short of it both in expression and execution; we never saw any by him which approached it. 'Death of General Wolfe,' by *West*, the well-known picture, badly painted, as are all his works, but composed with a feeling none other of them can pretend to: pity he did not always delineate Anglo-American subjects, or at least that he ever attempted classic! 'View on the Tiber,' by *Wilson*, No. 147: Claude seldom gave such depth of atmosphere to a landscape, such dewiness of verdure was quite beyond him; this work is, in our judgment, worth the 'Niobe,' No. 152, covered with double-sovereigns, a performance, we confess, no favourite of ours, albeit entitled sublime. There are several duplicate Niobes; one at Bridgewater House, and another at Trafalgar Square, seem both of them much superior to the present exemplar, which strikes us as chill, hard, and harsh. 'Celadon and Amelia,' by *ditto*, No. 183, illustrates the censure of Reynolds, justly passed, we think, upon Wilson's historic-landscapes—their figures, too futile for principals, too obstructive for accessories, disparage the theme while they encumber the scene. Here a cluterly Celadon and his Amelia to match—"matchless pair"!—over-match the landscape, yet vulgarize the subject; reversely, huge masses of rocks and clouds render Niobe and her Children quite insignificant, whom Apollo seems driving away as impertinent objects amidst so grand a solitude. 'Portrait of Mortimer,' No. 162, is a rare example of Wilson's abilities in this line. *Gainsborough*, however, surpassed him far in it; his 'Lord George Sackville,' No. 186, has brilliant and solid merits, some hardness of effect, but more decision of style. 'Horses at a Fountain,' No. 176, displays his wondrous splendour, showered with richest hand, though its effulgence tempered by mellowing shadows. No. 117, 'Girl with Pigs,' the picture for which *Gainsborough* asked sixty guineas, Sir Joshua gave him a hundred—proof sufficient of its high deserts, of Reynolds's generous and unenvious spirit on that occasion also. Its noble style makes George Morland's taste, in such works, appear veritably swinish. We do not just see wherefore the little girl should look so pathetic—a *Penserosa* of her age and condition, feeding pigs, is somewhat uncommon—out of nature altogether, it might be said, unless we could imagine her a Prodigal Daughter. *Gainsborough* was, perhaps, rather given to sentimentalism, and first imbued the English school with what has tainted it ever since. No. 128, 'Brood Mares in a Landscape,' by *Stubbs*. No one probably could appreciate this work so well as the best Animal Painter now living, who must feel its excellence difficult to parallel; we speak of the cabaline portion alone; the trees, &c., are mediocre enough.

What shall we say—what can we say—about inimitable *Hogarth*?

None but himself could be his parallel!

No one besides him ever ennobled Caricature into Dramatic Painting, save *Leonardo da Vinci*, and he scarce at all. 'The March to Finchley,' and 'Taste in High Life' have few competitors even among Hogarthian miracles of humour, wit, satire, nature, character, and imagination, each after its admirable kind. But why should we describe what every printshop window exhibits? Neither specimen, we will only add, is painted in the author's best style, though both with dexterous rudeness: Finchley has suffered much, fractured by the silent blows of that great dilapidator, Time. We thank the Governors of the Foundling Hospital, and Mr. Robert Gwilt, for lending these works, and Colonel Wyndham for the loan of piquant, debonnaire 'Peg Woffington,' and the Governors again for their venerable 'Captain Coram,' founder of the Foundling-asylum, who looks sublime by force of philanthropy resplendent over his rugged forehead countenance. This last is the finest portrait from Hogarth's pencil we have yet seen: the noble-hearted Seaman sits with an air of mild command, his foam-white locks in waves down his shoulders, and a fresh sea-breeze through that aperture fans his brow and his ruffles—how many a dead parent's thankfulness accompanies it, to bless the protector of her little orphan! He deserved such a memorizer as Hogarth, and Hogarth such a sitter. 'Portrait of Mr. Porter,' No. 171, without any great pictorial merit, has still much interest, because by this the most thoroughly English among all our artists.

The present Exhibition by no means substantiates a rumour we announced, and had vain given credit to, that various fine works of forgotten British painters, discovered in the deepest mud of Lethe wharf, and but just dug up, would make their re-appearance here this season. None such can we recognize, save a single 'Portrait of Lord Camden,' by *Dance*, which, we acknowledge, was worth dragging Obscurity's bottomless pit for: its workmanship solid and sound, though somewhat hard; its admirable colour, and plenitude of characteristic spirit, suffice to prove the artist a master. Having obtained a rich wife and a baronetage, it is said he purchased back his works, that he might obliterate, with them, the recollection of his profession. Pilkington contradicts this charge, and says he continued, after his good fortune, an amateur exhibitor at the Royal Academy. One fact seems pretty clear,—he did not obliterate Lord Camden's portrait: perhaps the present Marquis could tell us whether Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, Bart. ever sought to re-posess it? But another item, and we have done. The 'Arrest of the Five Members,' painted by *Copley*, does him much credit; more, we think, than his 'Death of Chatham,' as its theme is higher, and the general effect better, while its details are not inferior. It belongs to his illustrious son, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, who has no wish to prove the artist and himself aliens in blood, but has purchased back pictures which preserve the recollection of his origin from a man distinguished for talents, albeit pictorial and professional. Wisdom will evince itself on the settee, as well as the woolstack.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

LOUIS SPOHR.

In these days of "Handbooks," a few words may not be superfluous, by way of pointing out "how to admire" a great musician, now our guest; of whom the characters written in England have treasured too largely on caricature—unreasonable depreciation keeping time with extravagant praise.

In former numbers of the *Athenæum*, while noticing the symphonies (Nos. 650, 762) and operas (Nos. 656-7, 660), &c. of M. Spohr, some attempt has been made towards a fairer judgment than that of either the scorner or the idolator. We endeavoured to show how the highly educated, accurate composer failed, with little exception, as often as he attempted Imaginative or Dramatic subjects; and—while expressing a judgment, that some of the recent works of the master were but mistakes revealing his individuality strongly in proportion as he strove to engage himself from it,—to call the student's attention to those admirable and symmetrical creations of an earlier period, in which either invention was more willing or aspiration less vague and dreamy. We wished, in short, to intimate the limits of the

style, which, be it good or bad, our guest has created for himself, and beyond which he does not move easily. It is out of respect that we would now combine these scattered lines and touches, so as to furnish a sketch of the artistic direction and performances of M. Spohr's life.

Our guest, we believe, who was born some fifty-eight years ago at Seesen, in the Duchy of Brunswick, began his career at an early age as a violin performer. It was in this character, at all events, that he first became known to the European public; and during a period when the race of wonder-players numbered even a Paganini, no caprice of Fashion has ever deposed him from the sovereignty of that pure and classical school, to which the public will again and again return, and which, therefore, the newly-sprung race of fantastic and marvellous executants find it year by year necessary to approach more and more closely. We have always thought that M. Spohr's violin compositions were, of their order, superior to any of his other works. In particular, his Duets for two violins can hardly be surpassed: their one only fault being a sating richness of harmony, which has led to too frequent an attempt at effects only attainable by a quartet. Less unique are M. Spohr's Concertos, though still to be placed in the highest rank, alike for the scope they afford the executant and for their musical construction. In his quartets and double quartets we begin to be more largely aware of one of the author's prevailing peculiarities—his resolution, we mean, to work out the first idea which presents itself, in every possible manner. Be it only a phrase of six notes (the phrase, however, rarely failing to be an expressive one) reply is certain to succeed reply—imitation, imitation; the main purpose of the movement to be insinuated, however discursive the episodes are intended to be, until the refinement of ingenuity, which at first was welcomed as something especially precious, at last loses much of its power to detain the ear; as perfumes, the first breath of which is delicious, become oppressive by excess of sweetness. The above character will apply to the few compositions for the pianoforte by M. Spohr, with which we are familiar; the most successful of which is his Quintet, with wind-instruments. Here his manner is in part concealed by the contrasts of tone existing among the ingredients of his score.

This brings us to speak of M. Spohr's grander instrumental works—Overtures and Symphonies. His admirable knowledge of the powers of his band enables him to draw from his orchestra combinations of sound, of a beauty and richness unequalled by any contemporary. But gorgeous colouring passes not unfrequently with him for majesty of form. The latter, however, exists in the overture to 'Faust,' while the preludes to 'Jessonda' and 'Macbeth,' have spirit, if not freshness; and in the overture to 'Der Berggeist' the curious common-place of the second subject of the *allegro* is so felicitously concealed, that the anatomy of it will startle the listener unused to such exercise. Generally, it may be said of M. Spohr's symphonies, that their first and final movements are the happiest; his minuets and *scherzi* want play and movement—that of the D minor symphony excepted—while his *adagios* languish, surcharged with harmony. The flow of our author's melody not unfrequently recalls to us Mozart. M. Spohr is too intensely individual to be a plagiarist,\* and keeps by his own clues and cadences as religiously as the composer of 'Don Giovanni' and the 'Jupiter' symphony,—but a thousand turns and phrases occur to us, in which the sentimental mood of the elder composer finds a kindred answer, in spite of the original and elaborate harmonic language in which it is conveyed. In music of a bold and martial character, however, our author has an idea, as well as a way, of his own: we may instance the third movement in the descriptive Symphony, 'The Power of Sound,' where breadth of style bears out stateliness of

\* Except perhaps in the minuet to his Symphony for two orchestras, which is note for note the theme of Weber's overture to the 'Ruler of the Spirits.' It is our most dramatic composers, who have pillaged the most royally: *vide* Handel, who took whatever he pleased from Clari, Corelli, and a hundred less known Italian writers; and Rossini, who respected no one's property that he thought might figure well on the stage; and Meyerbeer, who, from sheer tenacity of melodic idea, "conveys" with the minute patience of an ant or a beaver, here a trait, and there a phrase, thus making up a whole which it would puzzle the real owners to disentangle.

design: we may instance, too, the opening of the second act of 'Jessonda,' with its brilliant chorus of Portuguese soldiers.

When we come to secular vocal music, we encounter our master in his most mannered and least favourable aspect. To deny the value and beauty of M. Spohr's operas would be absurd. There are few songs of pretension finer than the great *soprano scena* from 'Faust'—few *terzetti* more graceful than that of the sisters in 'Zemira and Azor.' Beautifully solemn is the burial chaut in 'Pietro von Abano,' and how beautiful and how solemn will hardly be better felt than by considering it, as regards melody and harmony, in comparison with a strain for a similar situation by a contemporary, who is strongest in grave music of combination,—we mean the funeral hymn in Halévy's 'Guido.' The duet, too, between *Amazilli* and *Nadori*, in 'Jessonda,' in spite of the chromatic nature of its modulations, and a use of the *appoggiatura* not exceeded by Bellini's self, is a model of grace, expression, and high finish. No tenor songs by M. Spohr, which *circulate*, occur to us, and it requires a Lablache or a Staudigl to sustain the spirit of his bass airs; which, though generally more felicitous, are instrumented to a point at which the singer on the stage has to fight for prominence against viola, bassoon, trombone, &c. &c. Still, these are all insulated movements, not essentially devoted to action in music; and this, the essential of Opera, is wanting to M. Spohr's dramas: owing, in good part, to the disastrously heavy text which has fallen under his care, but largely too, to his organization, which makes him insensible to the true nature of contrast and dramatic personation. Hence, while judiciously-selected excerpts will always be charming in a concert room, none of these dramatic works, we believe, will ultimately keep the stage, even with the aid of the scenic magnificence which they are so well calculated to exhibit.

To complete this character, we should speak of M. Spohr as an oratorio writer; but, for this, the forthcoming performance of his 'Fall of Babylon' will offer a more opportune occasion. In the mean time, a hearty welcome to one whose life has been as honourable as his diligence in Art has been great!

#### MISCELLANEA

**Moorfields.**—In the course of the excavations now going on to the south of Sun Street, Bishopsgate, a large quantity of horns of bullocks and rams has been dug up, together with other bones of various animals. In Peter Street, part of a peat bed was discovered, near which was a well, and in it a pump formed from the trunk of a tree. A red earthen jug was in the well, in perfect preservation. Several red earthen pipes, said to be of Roman construction, and some coins, were scattered about. It is supposed that the whole space between Bishopsgate Street and the Finsbury Pavement, and north of the old Roman wall, contains similar remains. This space is said to have been a moor or marshy ground, whence the name Moorfields. It was here that much of the rubbish from the neighbourhood was thrown together after the great fire, and accordingly broken bricks, tiles, &c. are mixed up with the earth, many of which are blackened as if by the action of fire.

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**Roman Theatre.**—The remains of a Roman theatre have just been found at Evesham. The walls have been laid bare, and the Minister of the Interior has deemed the discovery so interesting, that he has granted funds for continuing the researches.

**To CORRESPONDENTS.**—A Correspondent informs us, that in the account (*ante*, p. 598) copied from the *Eccelesiologist*, respecting the stained glass window at St. Margaret's, for New Hall, Wiltshire, we should read *Essex*, and for Olivius, Olinius.

**Erratum.**—In the first paragraph of the article on Madden's 'United Irishmen' (*ante*, p. 581), the passage beginning "passions exasperated, disgracefully yielded," &c. should be thus read: "passions exasperated, concessions disgracefully yielded, prejudices more fondly cherished, untenable oppositions absurdly protracted," &c.

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